

**JUDY'S HIGH
JINKS, SELECTED
AND ARRANGED
BY C.H. ROSS.
500 PICTURES**

Judy





60

JOHN

BRINSMEAD

AND SONS'

GOLD MEDAL

Patented 1862, 1868, and
1872, in Great Britain,
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Leamington Mineral Waters.

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are one of the Best Medicines known.

NOTICE.—On and after the 1st of January, 1873, ALL
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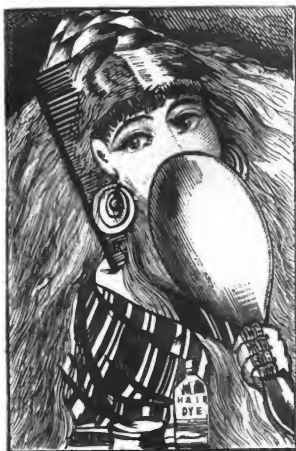


PLEASANT FOR ADOLPHUS.

Adolphus. "Who is that very absurd old man, who is conducting himself so outrageously—upsetting the servants, &c., &c.?" *Belle.* "Oh, that absurd old man is my papa."

JUDY'S HIGH JINKS.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY
CHARLES H. ROSS.



FIVE HUNDRED PICTURES,
HUMOROUS, GRACEFUL, AND GROTESQUE.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE "JUDY" OFFICE,
73 FLEET STREET, E.C.

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*Every Watch in the Latest Style, and
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Room Clocks of the newest designs.
Astronomical, Turret, and other Clocks
made to order.*

KEYLESS HALF-CHRONOMETERS.

Compensated for variations of
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Hands without a Key, for
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IN GOLD, 30 to 40 GUINEAS.
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Engraved Gold Cases & Dials,
FROM 20 to 30 GUINEAS.

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JOHN BENNETT'S Clock and Watch Manufactory,
64 AND 65 CHEAPSIDE.

PRIVATE AND PERSONAL.

—:O:—

WHEN the Ever-Young and Lovely JUDY published her now world-famed "BOOK OF COMICALITIES," she felt and said that no apology was needed. The almost fabulous number of copies sold proved that she was, as she always is, perfectly right. Upon the occasion of her going in for "HIGH JINKS," she once more feels and says that her only object in so doing is to oblige an eager and clamorous public crying for more, and that she really does not wish—though she is afraid she will not be able to avoid it—to make a single penny by the transaction.

Anxious, however, as it is her wont to be, to benefit others rather than herself, she intends to devote a few hundreds out of the profits on the sale of the "HIGH JINKS" in question, to the decoration of the exterior of her business premises, which will be painted a lively green, variegated by spots of a cheerful red; while the Office Boy will have a present of a new hat and feathers, and a pair of russet boots, to do honour to the contemplated magnificence.

But one word more is wanting. The Ever-Young and Lovely JUDY trusts that this work will not be read, as the vulgar phrase goes, "upon the cheap," through shop windows or upon railway book-stalls, but that all men wishing to be thought—as JUDY is only too anxious to think them—true-born and manly Britons, will meet her unsurpassed generosity in providing such a shilling's-worth by providing the shillings to buy it.

"Judy" Office, July, 1873.

COMPANION VOLUME TO "JUDY'S HIGH JINKS."

ONE SHILLING.

A Book of Comicalities.

Selected from the Pages of "Judy,"

By CHAS. H. ROSS.

CONTAINS

**UPWARDS OF FIVE HUNDRED HUMOROUS
PICTURES.**

ADVERTISEMENT.—MESSRS. I. MOSES AND ALLY SLOPER beg respectfully to announce that they have entered into arrangements with the Proprietors of JUDY by which they hope, at an early date to lay before the world, the Public and Private History of Two Lives devoted to industry in many and various phases. This work, which will have a somewhat sad and serious tendency, though enlivened by a certain amount of pictorial sprightliness, will at once be found to be a boon to mothers and a trusty guide and friend to a Christian young man beginning life either with or without a ticket of leave. Stamps to insure early copies may be forwarded to Mr. SLOPER'S private residence——though perhaps, to avoid unpleasantness, they might as well be directed to the Publisher, 73 Fleet Street, E.C.

"Advertising is to business what steam power is to commerce."
MACAULAY.

MACHINE-MADE

MR. STREETER,

(LATE HANCOCK & CO., LIMITED)

INTRODUCER OF THE 18-CARAT GOLD AND GEM JEWELRY,

GOLDSMITH, JEWELER,

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for Cash.

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NOTE:

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"There is but one way of obtaining business—publicity."
BLACKWOOD.

Machine-Made Jewelry, in 18-Carat Gold.

Machine-Made Jewelry, in 18-Carat Gold.

JUDY'S HIGH JINKS.



MAKING IT ALL RIGHT.

Old Gentleman. "I'm so *very* sorry—tell your *dear* parents—so *very* sorry,—I can't accept their invitation."

Boy (anxious to put the Old Gentleman at his ease). "Oh! never mind, it doesn't matter a bit. Pa said he only asked you just out of compliment!"

JUDY'S AUTHORESSES.



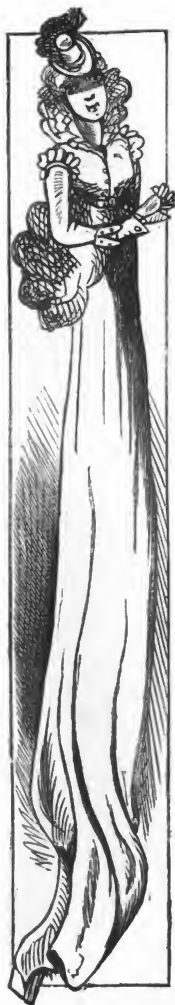
Here is a Lady Contributor who complains that "Judy" cuts her down and crowds her dreadfully.



Here is another fair contributor. You may know her by her capital I's.



And here is a quiet little thing, who only asks for an odd corner; but don't she charge for it!



And here is another pretty tail, and a very pretty tail; but "Judy" must either let the end hang over, or continue it in the next number.

Better still. *Lady of Uncertain Attractions.* "Are you an 'Angel'?"

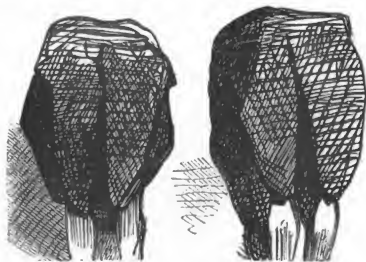
Conductor. "No, miss, but I can change you into one."





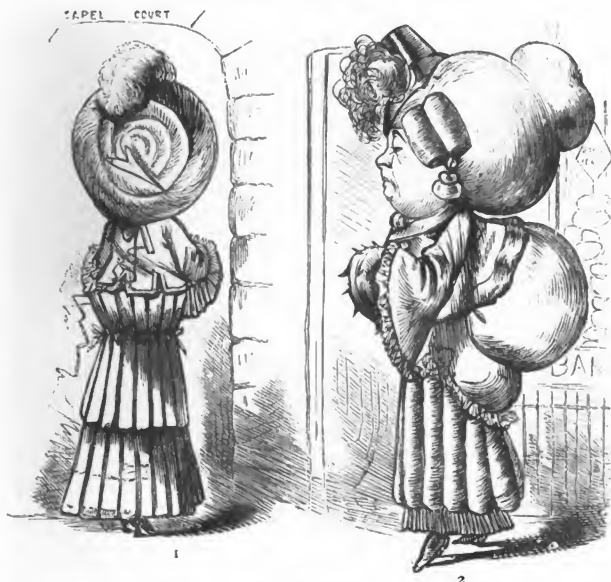
COMPLIMENTS PASS, ETC.

Little Paddles (identifying himself with the 'Varsity). "Well, what d' ye think of us?"
Friend. "You may be strong, but you 're precious ugly and awfully short!"



This is the back view of two freeborn British Flunkies, who never—never—
 never would be slaves.

SOME PRETTY IDEAS FOR LADIES' DRESSES, IN VARIOUS GRADES OF LIFE.



No. 1. The Lawyer's Lady. Chignon à la Mephistopheles; brief petticoat—trimming, pink tape.

No. 2. The Baker's Lady. Cottage-loaf chignon; French-roll side curls; long French-loaf fluted costume. This is suited either to a crummy or crusty lady.

No. 3. The Grocer's Wife. This is a sweet costume. Sugar-loaf petticoat, middling-eight dip trimming.







No. 4. The Greengrocer's Lady. Costume à la Savoy; petticoat, asparagus trimming.

No. 5. The Musical Costume. This may be made as expensive as you choose, being trimmed with flounces of notes.

No. 6. The Hearty Costume. Chignon à la ace of hearts; petticoat puffed au cœur. This is unsuited to unmarried ladies.

No. 7. The Sporting or Horsey Costume, for the races. Hat, à la jockey Anglais; jacket, lap-seamed white cloth, large pearl buttons; ornaments, snaffle chain, stirrup car-rings.



No. 8. The Doctor's Wife. Hat, antibilious pill-box shape; earrings, phial. Costume cut as tight as possible, so as to have a vile effect.

No. 9. The Poulterer's or Bantam Costume. Frilled bird-tail panier. Larky bonnet, feather trimming.

Splutterings from "Judy's" Pen.

In consequence of the TICHBORNE bets being "off," thousands of pairs of gloves will remain "on" the hands of the hosiers, instead of going on to those of the ladies.

Vane Looks.—Seeing which way the wind blows.

The most suitable Address for a Small Provision Dealer.—Grocer (Grow, sir).

A Solicitor-General.—A poor beggar.

An Oath commonly used by Mammas when the fire is low.—Blow the fire!

Foul Play.—Cock-fighting.

Mem.—The Keeper of the Great Seals lives in Greenland.

Why is a shoeblack like a clever schoolmaster?—Because he polishes the understandings.

Home Rule.—Curtain Lectures.

A Poor Chance-seller.—A dealer in TICHBORNE Bonds.

A Prymate.—An inquisitive wife.

Another Prime-eight.—The Cambridge boatmen.

Men often criticise girls' figures; but when a girl has a few thousands of her own, they generally think the figure about right.

A Shareholder.—A ploughman.

A Music Master is wanted by a good many tradesmen—to teach them the scales correctly.

N.B.—The Parks Bill is *not* the "People's WILLIAM."

Women's Rights.—Children.

How do we know that Lord MACAULAY regarded his great work as a fiction?—Because he called it his—tory.

A Quickset 'edge.—The edge of a razor.

Sowing seed is, no doubt, an active exercise; but may it not also be considered a sedentary (seed-entry) occupation?

A Gentleman, on being asked whether he was weather-wise, said no; but, on the other hand, he was otherwise.

The Literati of the Turf.—Book-makers.

Swindlers Again.—A great number of people have been done brown at the sea-side this year.

A Kangaroo is a curious cuss: when it's wide awake, it's leaping!

You've heard of a *cheval* glass, but when is a chimney like a lot of donkeys?—When it's mokes, to be sure!

A Liberty of the Press.—Squeezing a pretty girl in a crowd.

Amongst the towns now agitating for cheaper meat, one of the foremost is *Chowbent*. The good people are evidently *bent* on having more to *chew*, and "Judy" wishes them success.

The Real Dodge of Venice.—To pluck the tourists.

What's the difference between an empty-headed Life Guardsman and the nursemaid who flirts with him?—Why, one's a silly regular, and the other's a regular silly.

Best Helps to Tragedy.—F-helps.

Growing Panes.—Cucumber frames.

Why is a wife like a bad crown piece?—Because she is difficult to get changed

Fee Simple.—A fee to a quack.

A Gardener's wife made a pincushion out of a Spanish onion, but she found it brought the tears into her needles' eyes.

A Town for Mowers on Strike.—Done-mow.

Why is a brutal husband like a dissatisfied cabman?—Because he frequently abuses his fair.

On which side of a donkey would you look for the most hair?—The outside.

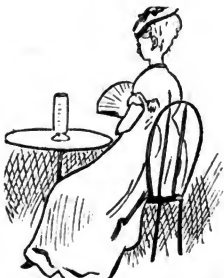
Would you call an alderman a ghost if you saw him a-goblin?

Why are cabmen seldom seen in Bermondsey?—Because they have a great objection to tanners.

WRONG IN THE MAIN. *Little Girl.* "I suppose the one with the long hair is the lioness, mamma."



LITTLE BITS FROM BADEN-BADEN.



A Meese Anglaise who takes a chair and a glass of water. Profitable this for the administration.



At noon, upstairs, at the hotel. Too hot for anything.



THE MORNING'S REFLECTION.
A very nice one, too!



The great pail trick is to be found even down here.



Not a bad idea. Always wash the wicked money you pick up at those dreadful tables.



Up first as usual. Feelings of pity cause as to omit the picture of poor Papa puffing and blowing half a mile lower down.



PLAYFULNESS AMONG THE RUINS.—
“Now, you naughty thing you! I’m going to jump. Do you think you can hold me?”



A Meese Anglaise who disapproves of gambling on principle.



Madame la Comtesse gone to have a look at the tables for the last time,
en route for —?



A BROAD HINT.

- She.* "Ah, if you meant half you said, you wouldn't go away."
He. "But, my darling, a sailor, you know——"
She. "Yes, I do know; but I thought a sailor was always a MARI-ner!"

LINES ON A LEVER.

Moral:—"Time is money."

And is it thus that we must part,
 Oh, bosom friend of yore?
 I fear me, it will break my heart,
 To greet thy form no more.

Can aught, I wonder, e'er replace
 Those charms so dear to me—
 That open, bright, and handsome face,
 I loved so well to see?

Thou, who didst ne'er refuse me tick,
 However put about;
 Indeed, it pains me to the quick,
 To send thee "up the spout."



A Case for Pity, surely! Mrs. FITZ LANGRISH, in her Country Retreat, is under obligations for her duty, delicacies to a rustic, neighbour "from the land of cakes," who, by a trifling mistake, is ushered into the drawing-room at the fashionable hour — Mrs. Macdormagant. "Oh, thank ye, Mrs. Macdormagant. Won't you sit down and rest yourself?" Mrs. Mac. (flinging herself on the sofa). "Ah! if ye kent the lang shiff riding I've had, wi' the auld hard saddle, over the roilly stanes, ye may well ask me to sit dune upon somethin' g saft!"

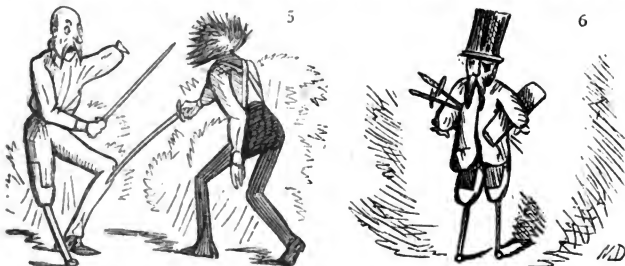
Why English Journalism might as well be Anonymous.



1. When Captain BLUDANOUNS started the *Vampire Bat*, and old SKIMMERS came to ask for a place on the staff, he said, "What can you do?" "Do, sir—?" "Can you fight, I mean?"—2. RASPER could fight. He had killed his man. BLUDANOUNS gave him the berth at once. "What we want," says he, "is



slashers."—3. The very first week there was a regular slasher, and RASPER lost his leg in consequence: but that was, after all, a mere detail.—4. A month or so afterwards, he said Miss PETTITOSE, of the Levity Theatre, wore a false chignon. The remark cost him an arm.—5. Then he actually had the audacity to



hint that it was not every existing insurance office in London that was wholly and perfectly solvent. His other leg went over that job.—6. Now he has neither arms nor legs, to either write or fight or run away with. He can only be verbally libellous for the future—luckily for him.



Theatrical Intelligence. (FROM THE PROVINCES.) "Our old friend, Tom Russert, has lately opened the Theatre Royal, Dumbledownery. The other night a celebrated Dramatic Author and an enormously enterprising London Manager, came down and took a box. There was little Russert and I, and our lending business man, all might long relieving one another at the key-hole, and this is what we heard—"



Novel reading will again be much in vogue this season at the sea-side. It will generally be the custom to read by an open window, and by no chance ever to look at the book while so doing.



Hair next month will be worn smooth on the forehead. Collars ruff.



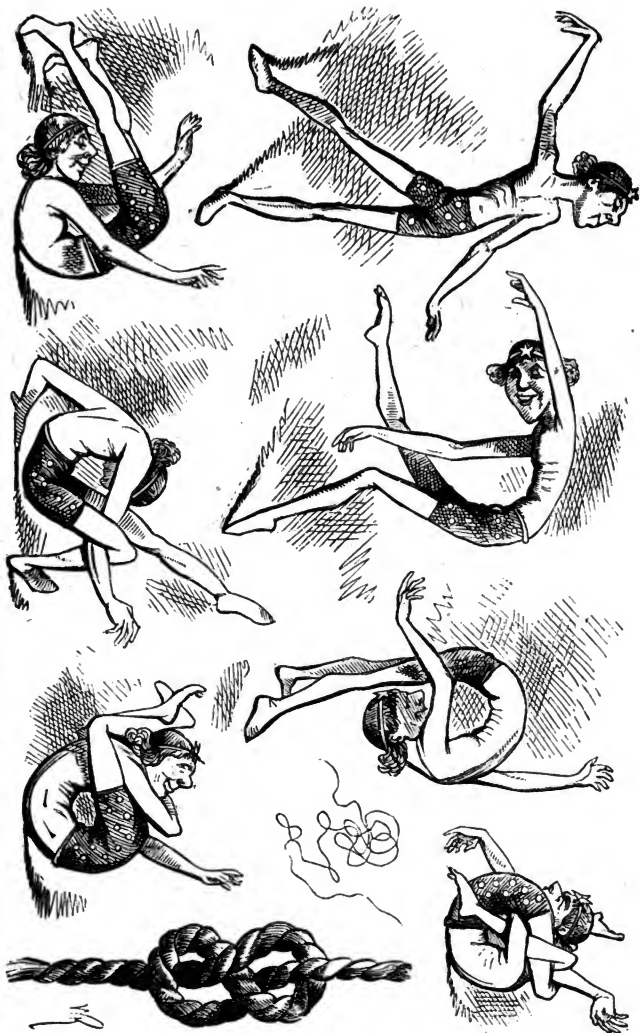
LE "FOLLY."

They say that long eyelashes are to come in next season; but are they to be stuck on like chignons?



LA MODE.

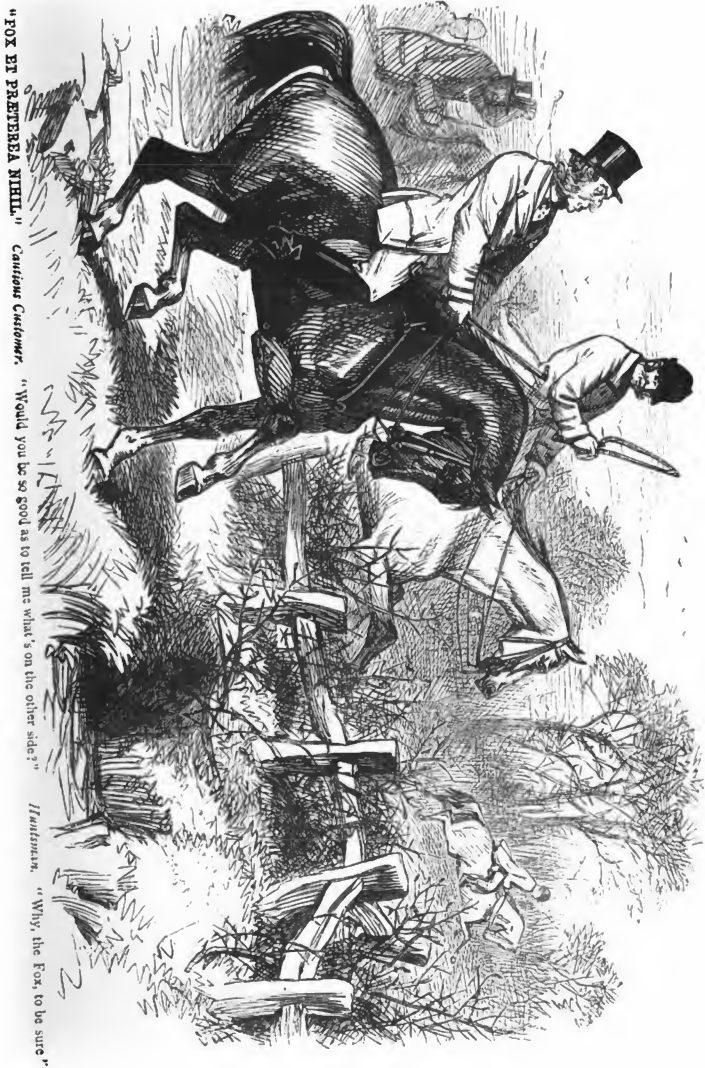
Talk of your Champagne Charley hat! this is little TOMMY GOSKIN's tile.



A Warning to Cotton-tighted Talent. Sad example of an aspiring Acrobat who twisted himself into a double knot, and had to be amputated in three places to be got undone again. [A FACT.]



A very Careful Study of the above is recommended to all Unprotected Spinsters under eighty.



If a man cannot learn by experience, why is he like a laurel?—Because he is an ever-green.

Supposing a man to be in a serious frame of mind, is it necessary he should be a picture of despair?

Can an individual be said to be over head and ears in debt when he hasn't paid his hatter?

To the Mint Authorities.—If money makes money, is it liable to be indicted?

To have connection with horses, should you be of a stable mind?—They answer neigh.

He's a spiteful dog, surely, who turns on his heel.

Some prisons have wings—some prisoners would like to have.

Gardeners might not like to part with their gardens, though they are always ready to fork over their grounds.

Greenwich Time.—Tea-time, 'to be sure! "with s'rumps or cresses, ninepence."

Why is WILL's Bristol bird's-eye like a lady's pannier?—Because it is manufactured to back her.

A Black Bird.—A raven hue officer.

Sheriffs' officers are good-natured fellows, after all; they're always happy to serve you.

The Cup after the Cup that cheers.—The hic-cup.

A Mantel Shelf.—A girl's shoulder.

A prudent omnibus conductor, going down a steep hill, may be compared to a frugal housewife, as he looks up his wheel (weal) and (thereby) saves his bacon.

Drop us a line, as the trout said to the angler.

To make Jam Tart.—Leave out the sugar when you preserve your plums.

There are so many ins and outs and queer holes in Hastings proper, that a recent visitor has christened it "*Warren Hastings*," and doesn't know if he is "*Warren*"-ted in so doing.

Classical.—Mrs. MALAPROP, hearing that the Centaur who educated Achilles was half man and half horse, wants to know whether the discentaurs, who are trying their best to make Christian education impossible, are half man and half ass.

Going on Circuit.—Taking a turn on the treadmill.

No wonder stolen kisses get buzzed about; they always travel from mouth to mouth.

It doesn't matter how watchful and vigilant a girl is; if a rude fellow kisses her, it is ten to one he will do it right under her nose.

Impossible.—A young man, now yachting round the Isle of Wight, says he gets his mutton from Cowes.

A Fish can see in the water in the dark. Is it because of his pair o'fins?

Useful Hint.—If you want to make your coat last, make your trousers and waistcoat first.

When is a murderer like a gun?—When he's let off. We've heard lots of these reports lately.

A new Temperance organ is advertised; it is called a "first-glass paper." Surely there must be a misprint somewhere?

From the Schoolroom.—*Question.* What is the most lively city in Europe? *Answer.* Berlin, because it is always on the Spree.

Wonderful.—A poor man, who had been blind for ten years, rising an hour earlier than usual the other day, went down to the breakfast-table and took up a cup and saw, sir.

The Shortest Route.—The cut direct.

A Fact.—An old friend of "Judy's," hearing that a raven will live for two hundred years, has just bought one to try.

Strange, but True.—When a good shot fires at a lot of partridges, he makes them all *quail*.

What trade do dancing-masters follow, unless it is that of *hop* merchants?

Debts of Nature.—Bills of mortality.

GUNPOWDER? Unexpected Consequences of Mr. Doffin introducing the "Unapproachable Tea" into his Family Circle.



A FRIEND IN NEED.

A LEGEND OF KENT.

Prologue.



“ELP, help, help, help!” St. FREYA she cried,
“A white wolf has gotten fast hold of my skirt;
I’m a saint, and uncommonly holy beside,
But even a saint will a wolf-bite hurt.”

Through the woods the words rang, when a
bowstring went twang,
And the wolf found an archer’d contrived
just to lodge in his
Organs termed vital, an arrow, in plight ill—
The beast toppled over as dead as DIOGENES.

Then forth from the wood stepp’d out a young
man,
And to utter her thanks St. FREYA began :
“Fair youth, to preserve my life in the nick
Of time you have come,—you’re a regular
brick!
Your name?” “OLAF.” “Well, for the deed
you have done,
Ask a boon.” OLAF blushed and was silent.
“My son,”

Quoth the saint, “to my words lend a listening ear :
If yourself you should find in the street that’s called Queer
(Young men do sometimes, at least so I hear),
Just call on St. FREYA. I’m no empty talker,
But will aid you, ere you can ejaculate WALKER!”

Legend.

Sir OLAF was a Norseman bold
As ever bore the name of Viking ;
If he’d a fault, it was, I’m told,
For feats piratic he’d a liking.

Full oft at feasts deep draughts of mead
He’d quaff, quite *à la* hardy Norseman :
Not that it must be thought, indeed,
He was by any means a coarse man.

Nay! if a throat he had to slice,
He’d do it with such fascination,
That the cuttee would think it nice,
And quite enjoy the operation.

Occasionally, too, he’d shake
O’er England’s coast his Northern banner,
And conjugate the verb “to take,”
In very active mood and manner.

And thus it chanced that, one fine day,
Sir OLAF and his thralls descended
Upon the Kentish coast ; they say
His thoughts were loot and laurels blended.

But this time quite without his host
The Northern gentleman had reckon’d,
And he belied his usual boast,
And, ’stead of first best, came off second.



Sir OLAF and his faithful thralls
 Were in an awkward situation ;
 Confined between four stiff-built walls,
 With *sus. per coll.* their destination.

Their captors also hinted that,
 For former visits out to pay them,
 By way of British tit for tat,
 They previously meant to flay them.

"Humph!" quoth Sir O., "things don't look bright,
 My prospects are by no means pleasing ;
 And for a man whose skin fits tight,
 The flaying process will prove teasing.

"Ah, happy thought! St. FREYA, grant
 A wretched Viking your protection ;
 Whom foes have captured, and who can't
 To hanging conquer his objection."

Sir OLAF paused, and through the cell
 A light shone, glittering and mellow,
 While a sharp, saintly voice said, "Well,
 You're in a pretty mess, young fellow!

"It's lucky that your prayer I heard,
 And in the nick of time descended ;
 For doctors all say flaying's bad,
 And hanging's never recommended.

"It comes of running after pelf
 That you are now in this position ;
 And, like young ladies on the shelf,
 You'd wish to alter your condition.

"Observe! there's no deception here!"
 The door upon its hinges jolted ;
 Sir OLAF saw the coast was clear,
 And for the nearest sea-port bolted.



He fled—at such escape from death
 His brains at first felt slightly addled;
 Arrived at Margate, out of breath,
 Thence back to Norway he skedaddled.

He piracy relinquished quite,—
 His countrymen all loved and prized him;
 And, if I am informed aright,
 The Pope has lately canonized him.

His faithful thralls, I grieve to say,
 The Britons, all remonstrance scorning,
 To prove that piracy don't pay,
 Flayed and hung each of them next morning.



AN ILLUSTRATED ADVERTISEMENT.

"If THOMAS SMITH, aged fourteen, who left his home, will return immediately, he will meet with a warm reception."

Rocken



HNR
SETTING
ROOM



"ALL THE KING'S HORSES," ETC.

Young Lady from Town (who wishes to have the ends taken off). "Do you think, Mr. JENKINS, you are quite sure you can take it down?"
Provincial Hairdresser. "Well, Miss, it ain't so much that as the puttin' on it up again."

Knotty Questions for Naturalists.

Is not a Scotch shepherd's dog colly-opterous?
 May we not reasonably conclude that sheep, as well as birds, are oviparous?
 Are not high-dried herrings a specific against hydrophobia?
 Is it not clearly demonstrable that the gipsies derive their origin from Egypt, because they are low-cussed (locust) brood?
 Are not giants peculiarly liable to elephantiasis, on account of their size?
 It is well known that "the early bird gets the worm." Are these worms *entozoa*?
 How many feet has "the mite" which is so frequently given as a substitute for charity?
 Is a pig of lead liable to trichiniasis?
 Can you manufacture Indian ink from the coal-scuttle?
 Is the tomahawk to be classified as a "fowl of the 'air" on account of its partiality to scalps?

. Professor OWEN will greatly oblige by sending correct solutions to the above important inquiries.

When a volunteer goes to Wimbledon, to which of the Law Courts does he direct the cabman to drive him?—"To the Common, please."

A TRAGEDY AT TOKOLO.



There was once a young and pious Missionary, who plighted his troth aboard ship to a young and guileless Maiden.



But a storm arose, and everybody had to look to themselves—at least the Missionary did so, clinging to a dolphin's tail.



So he reached the shore, still very pious,
but rather damp.



But, sad to relate, he found the island on which he landed already most unpleasantly inhabited.



Luckily, though, a difference of opinion led to happy results, as far as our Missionary was concerned.



Only it seemed, in spite of this, that it was little better than out of the frying-pan into the fire.



And had not a noble Savage sent an arrow to the rescue—It was an arrow escape.



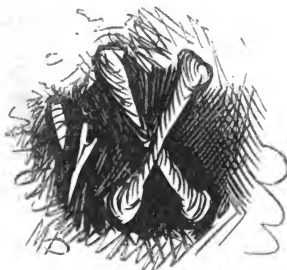
Only the noble Savage wanted to make a ragoût out of the pious young Missionary.



But joy! joy! In the Savage Queen, whom should he recognize but the identical young and guileless Maiden he plighted his troth to.



Of course she saved him? On the contrary, "Put him in the pot," said she, "with a few onions, a pinch of salt, and a good lot of pepper."



So the young and pious Missionary was potted accordingly, and these bones (well picked) are all that now remain of him.

QUESTIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

If a redbreast comes into your garden, does he come there a robin?
 Where is game to be found besides upon land that is part-ridged?
 In a domesticated state do hares sit upon chairs as well as "forms"?
 When a deer escapes the huntsman and gets back to the herd, can he be called a jolly good fallow?
 When a herd of red deer are pursued, and one is wounded, does he stagger, and is he left be-hind?
 Are some horses said to resemble pigs' feet, on account of their being trotters?
 Are horses wounded in battle considered "horse de combat"?
 Is it imagined that the polar bear considers his habitat an ice place?
 Is it the lynx only that can be found along the chain of the Pyrenees?
 Is it true that a very little will "keep the wolf from the door"?
 How many Arc-tic foxes did NOAH take with him?
 How does the elk a-moose itself?
 Is it on account of its size that the mole cannot see?
 Is the crane addicted to (h)oysters?
 Do our domestic poultry enjoy foul weather?



VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL



Blacks from
Whitechapel.



There are actually people
who like this sort.



No work to do, and don't want it.
Full Chorus saying they're hungry.



Waterland indeed! Why
aren't they there now?



The Widdy's
Lament.



High-Class Music.



Why didn't they lose
their voices instead?



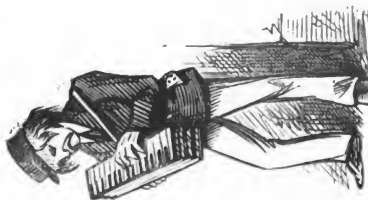
The Overture to that Man P.'s
Performance.



The Music for the TAGLIONIS of the future.



Militia-ous Persecution.



Sweetly pretty, according to his own idea.



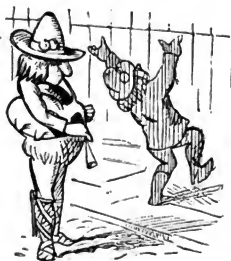
The Catnachian Obligato.



More Harpies and Fiddlers.



A T—tooter!



Poor Italiano viz Garlic.



En route for a Quiet Neighbourhood.

A "TART" REPLY.

" Say, dearest, why that troubled look?
Whence comes that deep drawn sigh?
Speak, husband, tell me what doth bring
That tear-drop to thine eye?"

" Ah! Janet, love, you well may ask
What secret pain I feel,
And what it is that seems to pierce
My heart, like tempered steel.

" It is not that my friends are false—
'T is not the lack of gold;
No, darling, everything is bright,
And prosperous as of old.

" But anguish may be felt as keen
Elsewhere, than in the heart:
For instance, when one burns the tongue
Whilst eating currant tart!"



ON THE "QUI VIVE."

Gentleman at large. "Beg pardon—very sorry disturb you—but lost latch-key, and thought just take the liberty of borrowing yours. Didn't like to take it without asking."

Sputterings from "Judy's" Pen.

An honest banker sometimes fails in making money, but a dishonest one makes money by failing.

Some people argue—very logically, too—it is impossible to keep your word if you give it. When is a soldier not half a soldier?—When he's in quarters.

Confiding Tradesmen.—*Greengrocers.*

There is little encouragement for a lady to be charitable, because, after all, she can only be called a kind woman, while the rest of her sex are still womankind.

An Irishman calls his sweetheart honey because she is bee-loved.

Ducks are good food for thin people, and should not be called a quack medicine.

Advice to Unsuccessful Anglers.—Hook it.

What requires more philosophy than to take things as they come? To part with them as they go, of course, when the brokers are in.

A curious case is reported from the Surrey side. A respectable householder lit a match to discover a leakage in his gas-pipe. There is every reason to believe that he found it; but nothing of himself has since been seen.

According to the Articles of War, it is death to stop a cannon-ball. This ought to be altered.

Marriage is favourable to longevity. Few old maids get beyond thirty.

To Early Poppers.—You can't raise a smile on a friend's face at many pawnbrokers' shops; it's no good trying.

The poorest look-out must be out of the Union window.

A Young Gentleman in the cricket-field lately caught a ball on his nose, which has since been out of order. It is a great game!

A Correspondent asks, and then answers, the following riddle: What is the difference between the passion for chignons and a storm at sea? One is a raging main, and the other a raging mania.—[Yes, and our Correspondent is a raging maniac.]

Potted Game.—The pigeons at Hurlingham.

One of Mr. P.'s young men asked "Judy," the day before yesterday, if she had ever seen a *cat fish*? Mrs. J. instantly replied, "No; but she had seen a *rope walk*."

For the Gentlemen of the Long Robe.—JONES says that "he never was ruined but twice: once when he *lost* a lawsuit, and once when he *gained* one."

Nautical Con.—Why is a ship called "she"?—Why, because the *rigging* costs more than the hull.

Narrow-minded people are like narrow-necked bottles, for, the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

JONES, on being asked by Mrs. J. why he didn't have a dumb waiter in the dining-room, immediately replied, that he had tried them, but they didn't *answer*.

A Leading Article.—A blind beggar's dog's chain.

Said a nice old lady the other day to a morning caller—"Pray make yourself at home; I'm at home myself, and *wish you were too*."

Dreadful Query.—If a lady who hesitates is lost, what must it be for a lady who stutters?

A Pledge of Real Love.—Popping the question.

Advice to Husbands.—Settle as much money upon your wife as you can, for her second husband, poor fellow! may not have a sixpence.

Curious Fact.—If you cut off an elephant's head, it does not follow that it should be separated from the trunk.

You should not stone your neighbour, but you may rock his baby.

A Chinese thief, having stolen a missionary's watch, brought it back to him next day to learn how to wind it up.

They used to call a lady's man a beau; they call him now a bo-er, sometimes.

By a Bachelor.—The Worst Lock Out.—Wed-Lock.

There is a hot-tempered trumpeter at the Charing Cross Barracks, who blows up the regiment every morning.

PASTORALS IN SLATE PENCIL.—MARKET MORNING.

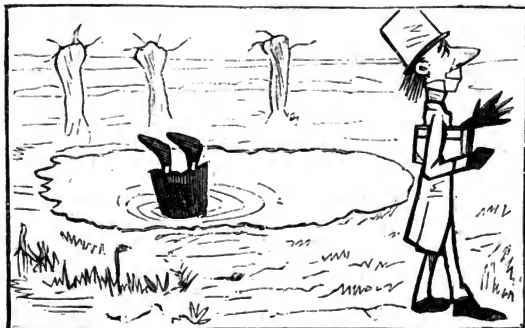


This is the High Street. On the right you may observe Mrs. Renny, the lawyer's wife, buying a spring chicken. She seems to have her doubts about its springiness. Farther to the right, Mrs. Mosses, from the post-office, cheapening a cabbage. On the left you have old KITCHEN leading home a pig. At the back there is Farmer Bishop's daughter carrying home another. Other persons striking bargains in the distance.

The P. P.s have some fine notions of their own, and "Judy" cannot help thinking the sooner they are known the better. For instance:—



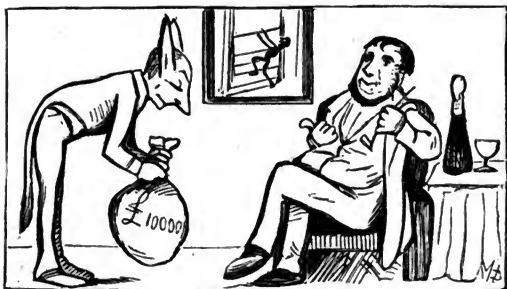
If a big man knocks down a Peculiar, another Peculiar need not take his part, unless he chooses. He can leave his fate, instead, in the hands of Providence.



If a Peculiar's wife fall into a duck-pond, her husband need not pull her out again, if he doesn't want to.



If a Peculiar has an aged relation he has expectations from, who falls ill, it would be very wrong for him to send for a doctor.



And, lastly, if a Peculiar has brains and no money, it would be as silly as wicked for him to do any work while them as has plenty of money and no brains likes to keep him.



"BONNIE DUNDEE."

"And tremble, *FALSE WHIGS*—"

[But the Chignons didn't seem to be at all frightened.]



PLEASANT FOR MRS. BROWN.

Mrs. B. "What are you looking for, my dear?"

Child. "Well, I heard Mamma tell Papa you had two faces; and I was looking for the other one."

A CRICHTON.

In art I've not the slightest skill,
 Nor genius for creation;
 Yet can I draw, I find, at will
 (On my imagination).
 Harmonious combination shows
 To me a mystery deep;
 Yet I can readily compose
 (Myself to nightly sleep).
 No skill in sporting have I got;
 I'm such a cockney 'coon
 (The only thing I ever shot
 Was, once or twice, the moon).
 When my poetic vein I use,
 The rhymes keep wildly dodging,
 Although I daily haunt the mews
 (Where I'm at present lodging).

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING. *Greenleaf Philanthropist.* "Wot am I doing with these snow-balls? Vy, I sells 'em two a penny; and them as ain't got no coppers as vain for nothing."



Awful Results of the Cats'-meat Order.



Deputation of distressed felines from the dockyards. "Me-ow—me-ow—me—how would you like it yourselves, my lords and gentlemen?"



A LIKELY LAD.

CHARLES was a likely little lad;
Still even he misfortunes had,
For first of all he squinted.
Ophthalmists he had oft defied,
The squint was by the mother's side,—
At least it was so hinted.

Sometimes I'd take him for a walk,
And listen to his childish talk—
Yes, list to what he uttered.
He often was a nuisance, though,
For little CHARLIE, you must know,
Unfortunately stuttered.

He was a knowing little card,
And at his lessons studied hard,
He with his pen was handy;
But all the folks of CHARLIE talked,
When CHARLIE through the village walked,
For both his legs were bandy.

At elocution CHARLES was good;
With scraps from THOMAS MOORE, or
HOOD,
He often would delight us.
And CHARLIE the effect enhanced,
For while he spoke he also danced
The dance they term ST. VITUS.

Indeed, he was a likely lad;
His father a large fortune had,
And never CHARLIE stinted.
As he grew up he spent his cash;
And 't wasn't till he went to smash
Folks noticed CHARLIE squinted.

WHEN does rain seem inclined to be
studious? When it's pouring over a book-
stall.

THE GOOSE CHASE.



Plain Directions for the Cold Weather.

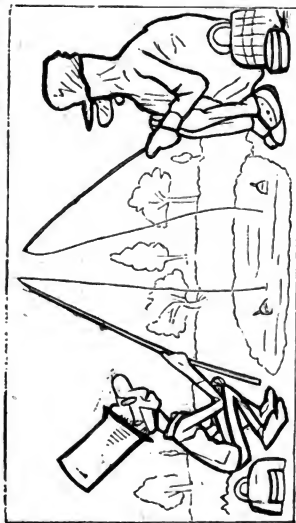
"JUDY" is anxious to give a few hints to all persons who are chilly subjects, but who are generally considered "warm," though their hearts are not always as warm as they might be this cold weather. In the morning, for instance, if any one should experience a cold and hardened sensation about the heart, the best remedy would be found in opening the window and listening to the cries of "We're all frozen out!" which resound through the suburbs. Should a crowd of unfortunates pass through the street in which the patient resides, he or she should at once run briskly to the gate or door, and give as much money as he or she can afford: great relief would be the effect of this exercise. Should no crowd of unfortunates pass through the street in question, care should be taken to discover from what direction the cry proceeds, and then to walk smartly to where the poor creatures are singing out, and give them some assistance. Much benefit may be derived still earlier in the morning, in bed, by reflecting on the discomfort of sleeping in a shed or barn, or on a door-step, in this inclement season. The remainder of the day may be beneficially spent in looking in the newspapers for advertisements of charities, and sending off post-office orders, or cheques, as the case may demand. In this manner the heart may be kept at a very comfortable temperature.

A joke to some Tradesmen, but not to their Customers.—What's worse than the waits? Why, the measures, of course.

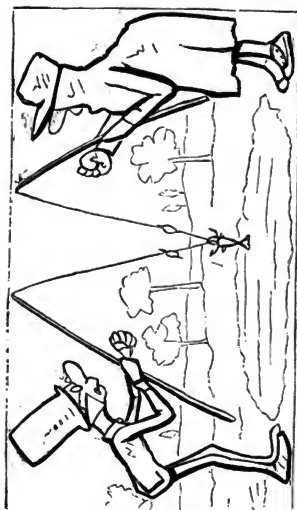
Matchless misery.—Want of a cigar light.

1. He useth a persuasive argument.
 2. The goose resenteth the same.
 3. He closeth with and valiantly overcometh ye bird.
 4. He returneth in triumph to his native village.
- GRAND CHORUS—Hoooooray!

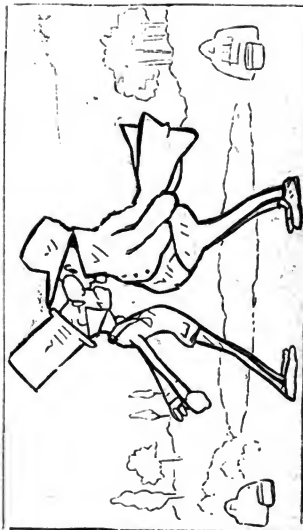
THE TALE OF A "TITTEBAT."



EXPECTATION.



EXPOSTULATION.



INDIGNATION.



EXULTATION.

ANOTHER AWFUL EXPLOSION. *Hairdresser.* "Try our Nitro-Glycerine Pomade. Its effects are perfectly marvellous. One trial will be found sufficient."



And so thought I'waddle on applying it next morning.



AN ART CRITIC.

Mrs. Brown (log.) "Well, I should niver 'a thought as that chap 'ould 'a 'ad 'is likeness a-took, attendin' to 'is corns!"

CHARMING ADVOCATES.

DON'T you wish, reader, you lived in the State of Iowa, U.S., so that you might instantly break the law, looking for the reward? The reward is, that you might have a young lady to plead for you; for, in that State, all charming creatures who have passed the requisite examinations can plead as lawyers. The

"Sweet girl graduates with the golden hair"

there graduate into lawyers and wear wigs—and, oh! how happy must the man be who gets a *wigging* from them! It would be difficult to decide whether it would be best to be client or jurymen in such a case. One could be happy as either. But how on earth a judge could calmly decide a case under a cross-fire of beautiful eyes passes one's comprehension. He must be tempted in such circumstance to say,

"How happy could I be for either,
Were t'other dear charmer away."

"The Sooner the Better."—When the Navy, abandoning the "cat," shall be able to take for its motto, "*Sans peur et sans reproche!*"



LENTEN OBSERVANCES. Captain PLUNGER, thinking it wrong to hunt in Lent, takes a quiet ride in the country to do penance.
[It is evident he is now on his way to confession.]

What should we do with a crooked-legged soldier?—He ought to be disbanded.

A square-built prize-fighter is good for any number of rounds.

The Book-maker's Love.—A fair BET.

If a termagant wife cuts her nails every Monday, it is lucky—for her husband.

If a horse says neigh to oats, don't believe him.

"Judy" to her Young Friends.—All that is necessary for the perfect enjoyment of the fragrant sausage is—*confidence*.

To Night Birds.—Whatever you do, mend the break of day.

On a cold day one likes to see the fire getting up, yet one grumbles at a rise in coals.

Flash Language.—Telegrams.

A Fact.—Some of "Judy's" jokes, recently read aloud to one of SINGER's sewing-machines, made it laugh till the tears came to the eye of its needle.

What always follows the hounds?—Their tails.

Girls should not try a soldier's patience, because he can stand a tease.

An Alderman's Dream.—Knight mayor.

Depravity among M.P.'s.—Some Radical M.P.'s use dreadful language, and there isn't one of them can take his seat without an oath.

Pillows, though not belonging to the human species, come under the head of rational beings.

It is low enough to live in an attic, but a ground floor is a basement.

An Early Din-ner.—The milk bell.

The young lady with speaking eyes has made them quite hoarse by over-using them.

A Cold Stream Guard.—A gingham.

Mock Turtle.—Kissing before company, and fighting afterwards.

Sad Story.—A poor half-witted creature was once wrongfully beheaded. His head wasn't worth much, it is true; but yet it was a loss to him.

The Beau for Picnics.—The rainbow.

An artificial florist who lives upon the second floor, may be called a second FLORA.

A Moose-paper.—A marriage certificate.

The Dentist's Motto.—"I spare no pains to make the operation satisfactory."

A baron of beef sometimes subsides into a baron-ate.

Worth thinking of.—Though soldiers profess to love the wives they leave behind them, they, somehow, generally go away in transports.

The Pleasantest Ringing in one's Ears.—That of the dinner-bell.

Most people have heard of a dead wall, but a correspondent writes to say he has actually got a living room in his house.

Why does a dog *snatch* at a bone?—Because *it's natural*.

Laps of Time.—Old coat-tails.

Song for the MILLIE CHRISTINE Twins.—"Let us be happy together."

A Bellman is generally very sensitive of any kindness. He will cry if you give him a shilling.

The most Comic Annual.—The Lord Mayor's Show.

Moving for a New Trial.—Popping to Mrs. No. 2.

Why is a parson generally a patient angler?—Because he would like to have the reputation of a "judicious HOOKER."

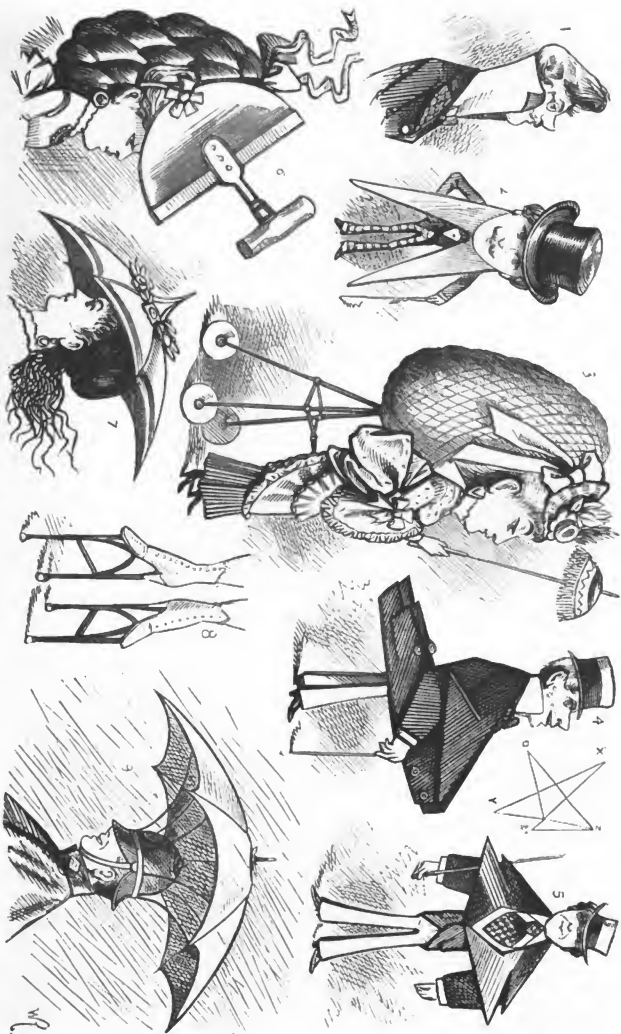
Culinary Mem.—How to Serve a Dinner Properly.—Eat it.

Another One.—If a dinner could speak, what would it say?—Give me none of your jaw.

N.B.—Though a good dinner may not always agree with yourself, it will generally make you agree with your host.

What class of persons are most subject to shooting pains?—Poachers.

A Simple-ton.—20 cwt.



FASHIONABLE FRAGMENTS. 1. Improvement on the present style of "Stick-up" Collar. 2. Ditto, "Lay-down." 3. Machine for supporting Chinon (Jury's Patent), 4, 5. Side and front view of Geometrical Coat and Trousers—warranted not to crease. 6. The Dolly Varden à la Cheese-cutter. 7. Ingenious Combination of Hat and Sunshade, adapted to the Sea-side. (N.B.—This design is registered.) 8. Still Boots, suitable for Short Ladies and Wet Weather. 9. Improved Helmet for the Force (the force of which will be seen at a glance).



BLACK DIAMONDS.

Amelia. "Gussy, dear, whatever's that funny black thing on your necklace?"

Augusta. "Why, it's a little bit of the very best Silkstone. Papa says coal is so dear now, we can only afford to use it as jewellery."



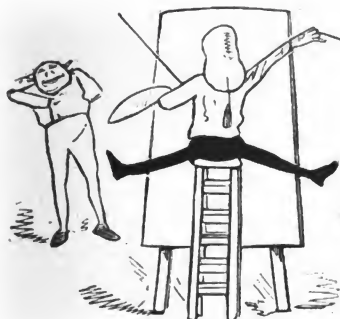
The Belles of Beaux.

One wants ringing, the other is muffled.

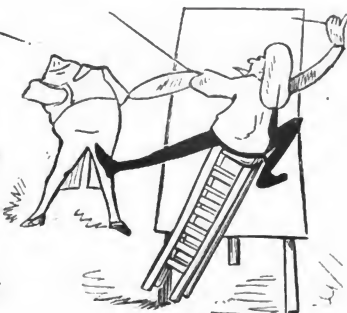
POUTER'S PORTRAIT.



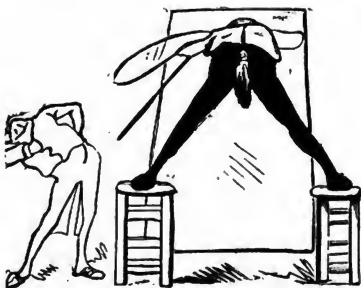
PUNTER wanted POUTER to sit for his Portrait.
"I'll stand for it," said POUTER.



"That's the attitude!"



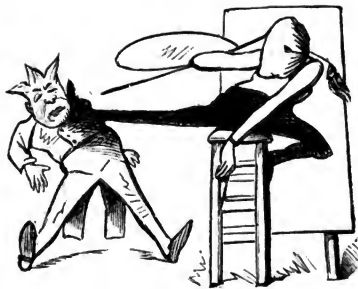
"That's better still!"



"Position is everything; only—"



"Don't it make your back ache?"



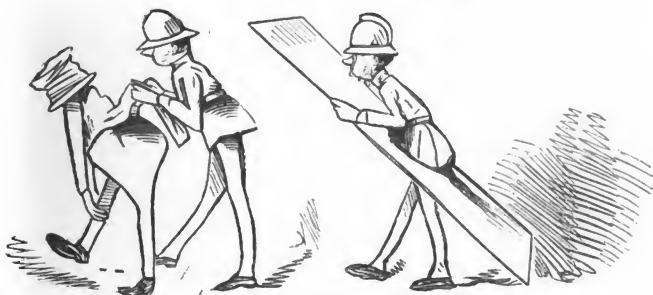
"Mind your eye, then."



"But you've taken my back!"



"Stick your head through the canvas, then, stupid!"



"Police!"—End of everything.



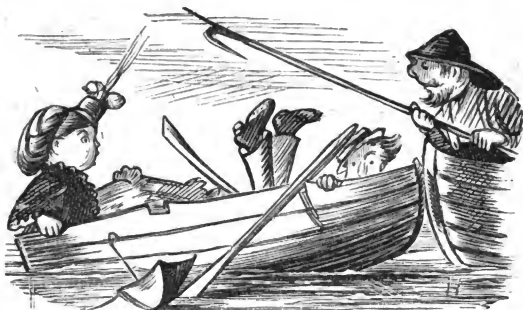
A NEW PATENT TALLYHO BEDSTEAD.

Recommended to the attention of Sportsmen who find it difficult to get up on cold dark mornings.

Little White Bateman takes his Arabella to see
the Race.



He takes a boat a mile or two the other side of Greenwich. He gets it cheaper there.



Then he pulls away. "Now then ! look hout. Where air you a-coming to?"



Of course, though, when they got there, they have a splendid view of all that happens.



And a delightful journey home against tide. But little WHITE BATEMAN always does enjoy himself when he goes out. So does ARABELLA.



GLORIOUS NEWS!

Great fall in Bread.



INTIMIDATION.

Boy. "If yer don't let me sweep your door, I'll tell the Peeler, and have yer fined."

THE MODEL WORKING MAN.

The working man is looking up in the world. We need no further proof of this fact than is obtained by a letter which appeared in one of our daily contemporaries, a few days back. It concluded as follows :—"I enclose my card, and remain yours, &c., A Working Man." The same individual is now making arrangements for a splendidly elaborated card-case.

To what would a man, taking breakfast with his betrothed, be most likely to object?—To take any butter (but her).

QUITE ABSURD.—The Deal fishermen can, of course, haul in their nets; but it's absurd to suppose, as has been suggested by a correspondent, that they can *haul in the Downs*.

The swindler's early morning aspiration—Let us be up, and *doing*.



A Distinction and a Difference. *Young Lady*. "Have you any 'Kid Reviver,' Mr. Bottles?"

Chemist. "No, miss, but we have the 'Infant Restorative.'"

Sputterings from "Judy's" Pen.

Who first invented trains?—Why, Ninon de Longclothes, of course.

An Unsociable Treat.—Treating one with contempt.

The Place for Eavesdroppers.—Lisson Grove.

The time-honoured practice of a young lady winning a pair of gloves by kissing a somnolent old gentleman, may be described on his part as kid-napping, and on hers as kid-nabbing.

Proverbial.—Fiery men are easily put out.

TOMKINS, who is terribly henpecked, says the greatest *miss-take* he ever made in his life was on his wedding-day. His wife denies it, and says it was she who was *miss-led*.

Eye-water Mark.—The trace of tears.

A Union Jack.—A workhouse bottle-jack.

Brutally True.—What is near to every Englishman's heart?—His stomach?

To Cannibals.—A missionary does not taste like dog, although he is frequently a black retriever.

A Singing Class.—Bullfinches.

How is it possible to pick your teeth, when you have to take them as they come?

Query.—Isn't a blind man sometimes a *seer*?

What's the difference between a cup of tea upset on a child's bed and sudden death?—One is spilled on the cot, the other is killed on the spot.

A Stern Necessity.—The man at the wheel.

Why are the French an anomalous race?—Because, in spite of their importunity, they can't import *unity*.

A Little Lower.—A calf.

Hard on the Prophets.—It is said that the end of the world has put off CUMMING *sine die*.

A Fish out of Water.—A w(h)ale on a boy's back.

A Dirty Sentiment.—Let us soap not.

When a little girl puts a night-cap on the kitten, does she do it on pur-puss?

Quakers are never sworn friends; they won't swear.

A Quod-wrangle.—A row in gaol.

Why is a mongrel always a deformity?—Because a part of it is curtailed.

There is a comic artist permanently retained on "Judy's" staff, who can take off his own boots admirably.

Seasonable Fruit.—The Queen's *peach*.

When some selfish men think of marriage, they seem to see the Union before them.

Brothers in Law.—The judges.

A young lady need not be hard-up when she's *pouting* her lips.

A Hard Case.—An Oyster's.

It is a curious fact that, though England has produced a number of poets, Ireland has produced MOORE.

A Morning Call.—The sweep at five, a.m.

What is the difference between an unmarried and a married lady?—One is a-miss and the other a-miss-is.

If a lady refuses her lover (EDWARD), why is her answer like Burton Ale?—Because it's *No-Ted*.

The Book for Pedestrians.—WALKER'S Dictionary.

Artistic.—"I'm only drawing from an old master," as a promising youth said when taken in the act of stealing from the till of a former employer!

Mis(s)understandings.—Spinsters' boots.

Talking of the migration of souls, when is a man like a raven?—When he "croaks."

A Useful Thing in the Long Run.—Breath.

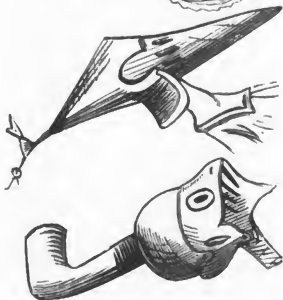
A Safety Match.—Ten thousand per annum settled on the wife.

The Last Thing Out.—The truth.

AN AWFUL EXPLOSION. (Caused by Master Freddy having emptied the Citrate of Magnesia bottle into the Tapioca) Cook, "Fenians! Police! Lawks!" etc., etc



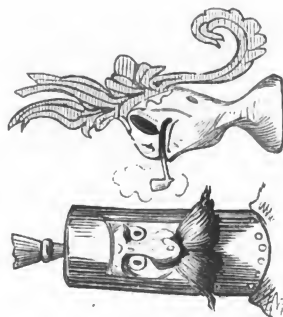
Chivalry.



Various Styles of Helmets, more or less historical.



The Queen of Beauty, a glance from whose eyes was supposed to mend any number of broken heads. Sweet age of unbounded credulities!



Various other Styles of Helmets, rather less so.

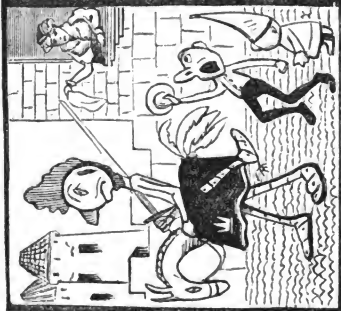
Order of y^e Garter.

Now was Hys puissant Grace King EDWARD dancyng with y^e Countess of SALISBURY, as a true and noble Knighte, withouten reproche; when y^e lady let fall her Garter. Y^e King seeing it, picked y^e Garter up, and courteously gave it her; wherat certain sillie Courtiers smole. Then did y^e King ryghte strnille rebuke them for their levitie, and sayde that alle men myght here, "Honi soit qui Mal y Pense!" which motto appertaineth to y^e Order of y^e Garter unto this daye.

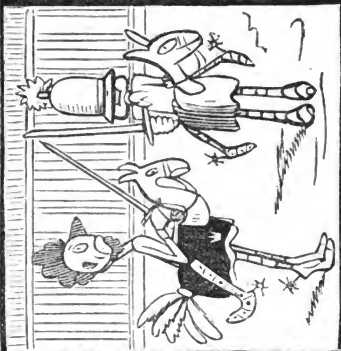


King Edward dancing with the Countess of Salisbury.

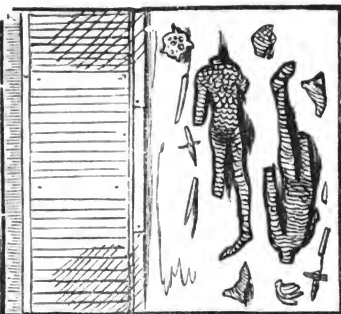
Chivalry—continued.



Boldly marched the gallant Knight
For to fight the fearsome fight.
At a lattice up on high,
Thus she watched him going by—
Heaved she then a gentle sigh,
And the tear-drop dimm'd her eye.



Thus upon the tented field,
Met the foes, nor would they yield
Until in the deadly strife
One or both gave up his life.
Neither owned he'd had enough,
For these knights were mighty tough.



When the fearsome fight was fought,
Home they then the hero brought;
"T was in bits, as thus you see.
And she said, "Oh, woe is me!"
Then she sadly went to sup,
For she too was much *cut up*.

THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL. Little Binks having thought the above a picturesque position for declaring himself, his horse takes advantage of the situation. *Interim (cries in doing so) in the street.* "Really, Mr. Binks, if you only knew how perfectly ridiculous you look —" *Binks.* "Eh? Oh! Yes! I see." (*Groans*)





BRUTAL.

Traveller (who has agreed to address his friend as "SIR GEORGE" before the ladies). Look here, SMITH, if the next suit you make me isn't cut better than the last, we had better close accounts at once."

[Friend smoulders till their next meeting, and then—

THE SWEETS OF LIFE.

From a Schoolboy's Point of View.

SWEET, sweet from School is coming home,
 And grandpa's handsome "tips ;"
 Sweet, too, by moon with JANE to roam,
 Sweet, also, are her lips.
 Oh, sweet, they say—a jolly treat
 To spoons—is Love's Young Dream ;
 But sweeter 't is, methinks, to eat
 These strawberries with cream !

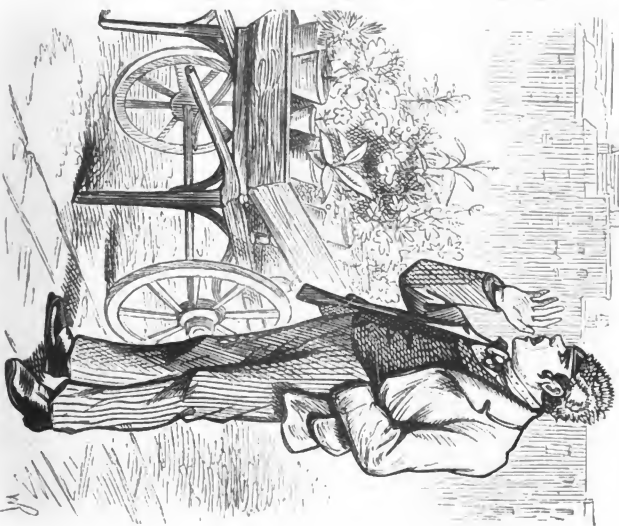
BACONIC.

"What can't be *cured* must be endured ;" exemplified in the case of the noisy and offensive pig that is not fit for killing.

“WHERE, AND OH! WHERE?”



This is a Gentleman who can't think where the Dickens his Ceratinums have got to.



And this is a Gentleman who might tell him, perhaps—but he doesn't.



HE WOULD IF HE COULD.

Rude Boy (to Gentleman in trouble). "Spare us a copper, sir, please—you 've got two on 'em."



"I presume," said the Captain, "it is not every day in the week you have a passenger by this twopenny 'bus who, absolutely unaided and alone, has slain a raging buffalo?"

The driver said, as a rule, he didn't—leastways, if so it was unbeknownst; and the Captain, seemingly satisfied, went on.

"You are probably unacquainted with the trackless prairies and primeval forests of the Far West, where the death-like silence is broken but by the perpetual howling of the *njakkaka*, or ring-tailed jackass, and the everlasting moan of the *mangopango*, the flying cuttle-fish, abounding in those arid regions of luxuriant desolation; but it was there, and at the still twilight hour, that I came face to face with my first buffalo. I do not know whether you have ever met a raging buffalo under such circumstances, but would venture to observe that a moderately tame cow in a narrow lane is sufficiently exciting.

"But I had sworn that I would slay one of these monstrous creatures. I had been tracking them for days, and I came up with the herd somewhat unexpectedly, and one of them

charged me. Do not for a moment imagine that I hesitated. Dropping upon one knee with the address of a practised sportsman, I took a deadly aim at his head, and shot the end off his tail. Instantaneously I was making tracks, with the buffalo following. Losing my breath, however, I rushed at a tree, and, turning, faced my foe with the energy of despair. I saw his gleaming eyeballs and foaming mouth, as, with a deep howl of rage, he rushed upon me. Then I shut my eyes.

"Next moment, the tree against which I leant received a terrific shock, which almost loosened its roots, and opening my eyes one at a time, I found that the savage brute had deeply embedded one of his horns on either side of me in the wood, but I was untouched. To slide gently out of my place of confinement, and to walk round and give the buffalo a good kick, was the work of a moment, and then, with my rifle under my arm, I strolled calmly and deliberately away. If you should ever visit the trackless prairies and primeval forests of the Far West, you may find that buffalo's skeleton standing where I left the buffalo."

"But you didn't slay him," said the driver.

"I never said I did," replied the Captain; and he got down then, and paid his twopence.





NEMESIS.

This is a Justice of the Peace who wakes up suddenly and finds himself ALONE with the Lady at whose instance he has convicted some dozen innocent people of assaults.



An Irish Contract.

This is a Broth of a Boy, who has agreed to water the garden for sixpence, waiting to see if it's going to rain.

WEAL AND WOE. *Quaker Gentleman.* "If thou hadst thought of thy wheel, friend, thou wouldst not have come to woe."

Coffer. "And if you'd thought of
[C. E. D.]





FIDDLE-DE-DEE.

Jeames (to distinguished "Wandering Minstrel," meditating a solo at musical soiree preceding a ball). "Yes, all right! You're not to go up yet. Come down into the pantry. The party as plays the peeaner's havin' 'is tea."

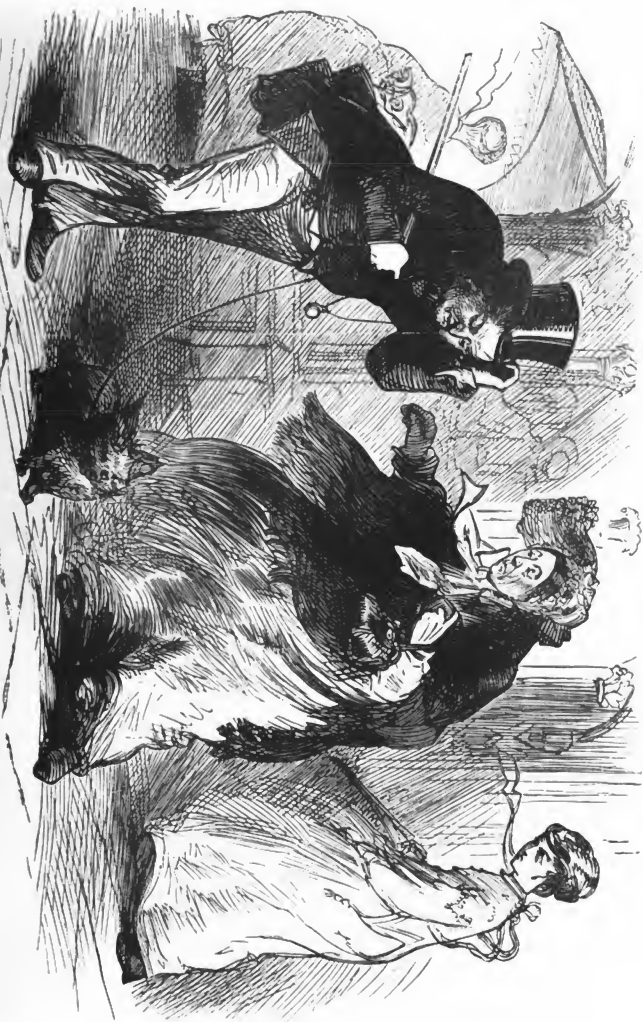
THE KING OF THE PINS.

It is I am the King of the Pins,
If ever my throne I find;
I've been punished because of my sins,
And I have been left behind.

Yes, I have a kingdom down below,
And may I be there ere long!
'T is thither all mortal pins must go—
They muster millions strong!

Some of them white, and some of them black,
And a rusty crew are some;
Of heads and points there's rather a lack,
For they take in all who come.

Yes, I am heir to the Pindom throne!
Though my reign seems very remote;
For here I'm languishing all alone,
Stuck into a miser's coat.



BLIND MAN'S BUFFER. It was natural enough that old Flocers should shut his eyes when the East wind was blowing the dust into 'em; but this was no excuse for old Mrs. Toddlermor putting a halfpenny into his hand.

Sputterings from "Judy's" Pen.

"Bracing weather, this," says the Partridge. "Wouldn't give much for a leash of our lives," says the Pheasant. "Ods-rabbit," exclaims the Hare, "we may be in jug before long; but then you know what Mrs. GLASSE says—they must catch us first."

A moustache cannot properly be called a curl of the lip.

A Bow Ideal.—Cupid's.

Strange Fact.—"Judy" knows a young clergyman who, when he was a curate, used to drive about in a T cart; now he has got a living and resides in a V carriage.

Notice of Motion.—A railway whistle.

Very pleasant on a hot day, or any other day.—A (n)ice treat.

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear," as the man said when he paid his dinner bill.

Miss-construction.—Whalebone, wadding, powder, and paint.

Caper Sauce.—A ballet-girl's imperience.

Why are people who have nothing to be proud of but their pedigree, like potatoes?—Because the only good belonging to them is underground.

A Sea-gull.—A mermaid.

A Loop Line.—CALCRAFT'S.

"I would rather have a *spill* presently than a *light* just now," said that incorrigible wag JONES, when the mare ran away.

A Cannibal Sentiment.—Il foe manger.

To Cure a Smoky Chimney.—Lay the fire very carefully with paper, wood, and coals, but do not light it.

Rather Contradictory.—GAY's grave.

How to make Cook-shop Oyster Sauce.—Take one go of weak gruel, heat in a sauce-pan, and add two raw oysters chopped small. Garnish with a few blacks.

Dear Stalk-ing.—Buying asparagus at ten shillings a bundle.

Some fishes' existence is ova before it commences.

It is not true that all the Germans in the late war returned home minus a leg and an arm; though it certainly is a fact that each soldier had only one arm and one leg *left*.

Eye Art.—Winking.

To Keep Away Chaps.—Keep only very plain cooks.

Railway companies sometimes pull down a street. Thieves very often cut up courts and alleys.

How much cloth is required to make a spirit-wrapper?

Dying Game.—A hare *in extremis*.

Very Alarming.—It is expected that the Poles will rise this year in Kent during the hop season.

The "Quality" of Mersey.—Liverpool swells.

To Remove Grease Spots from Silks and Velvet.—Place a red-hot iron upon the part: it will take them out directly.

To Clandestine Lovers.—Don't use quills for your love letters; they may *split*, you know.

The Spiritualist's Motto.—What's the odds so long as you're *raffy*!

A Companion of the Bath.—A sponge.

How to Preserve Dates.—Enter them in a book, and take care not to lose it.

Eyes Right?—Yes; but I have to wear glasses.

To those about to Marry.—Why is love like a potato? Because it becomes less by pa(i)ring.

Rapid Consumption.—Bolting one's food.

Some people don't mind how hot it is. An old boatman down at Richmond says he likes his son's stroke.

Ahem!—A little temper is such a good thing in wives, that they ought never to lose it.

A Watch-you-may-call-it.—A pocket time-piece.

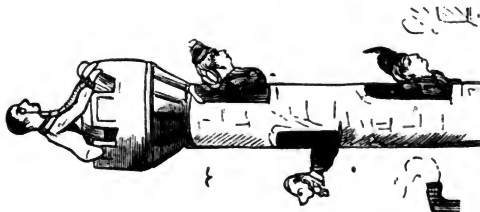
The best Inn for a Poet.—Inspiration.



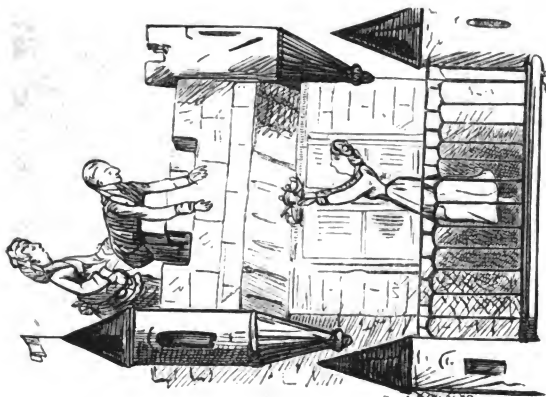
COMPLIMENTARY. *Adolphus (who is short-sighted).* "Now, my love, I think you'll find this is your train."



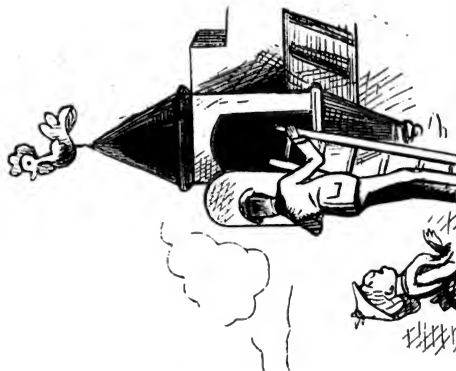
COOBINDY always had Wardour Street tendencies, so when he got married he made his mind up to build a Castle on a small scale. He couldn't go in for the real thing, as it came too expensive; but he did his little best: for instance—



This was the South Tower, with a lovely view from the top. N.B.—The North Tower was the kitchen chimney.



In the summer-time, Mr. and Mrs. Coomrudy used to take tea on the battlements. It was quite feudal.



When Mamma-in-law came to see them, they had a little room prepared for her in the turrets. It was a pity she hadn't been born a swallow, though.



This is Mamma-in-law going to bed. "Wasn't it a job, too," said SUSAN, the COOBIDDY retainer.



COOBIDDY may be here observed studying the growth of the elms and oaks in the forest that will be some day, if anything grows up.



"What's the matter?" said Mrs. COOBIDDY. "The matter! it's the moat broken into the wine-cellar."

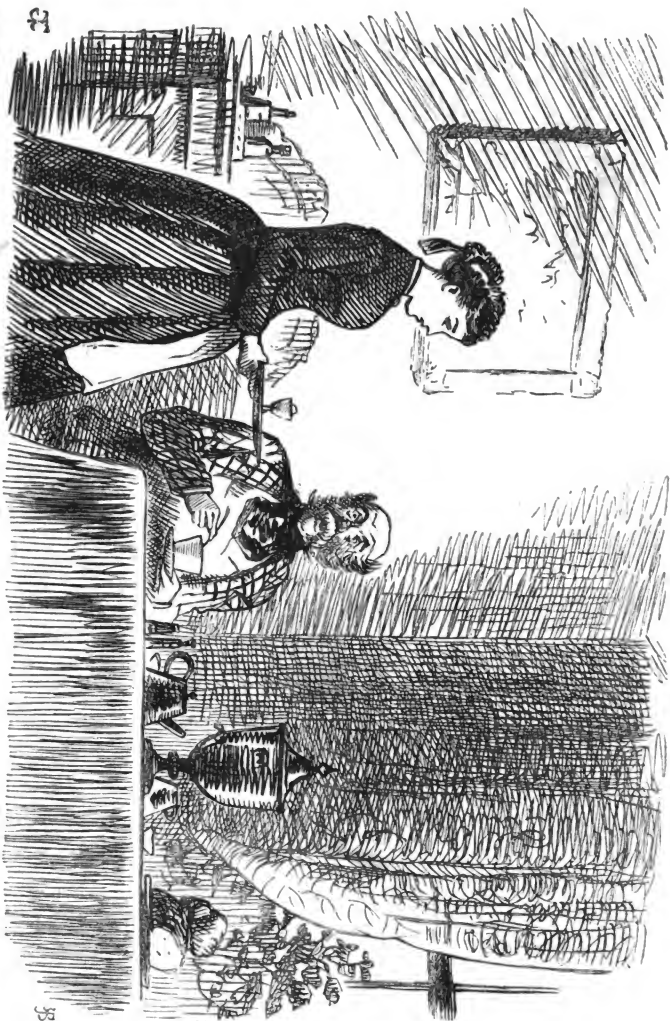


The mechanical contrivances were very ingenious; but the first night COOBIDDY touched the wrong spring, and sent Mrs. C. down into the kitchen, instead of up into her bed-room.



WHY ISN'T IT LOOKED TO?

This is an old lady, rather afraid of horses, who was last seen waiting at the Mansion House for a chance to cross over to the Bank. She was still there when we went to press.



A LITTLE LAY. Bachelor at Breakfast. "Dear me, Susan, that's a very small egg!"

Susan. "Yes, sir, it is; but it was only laid this morning, sir!"

I, SHE, AND "ANOTHER."

A TEMPORARY MISUNDERSTANDING.



SAT at the window: the room was all dark;
Only outside was a lingering of light;
Heavy and hot over terrace and park
Slowly descended the still summer night.
"MARGARET! O MARGARET!" I murmured,
"be mine!"
(For MARGARET! O MARGARET's reply see
next line.)

"Scarcely this morn had I broken my fast"
(Thus spake the maiden in tenderest tones),—
"And if—if hereafter that meal should be cast
In my teeth, bear me witness, a plate of grilled
bones

And a devilled (*excusez ce mot-là!*) *kidnee*
Was all that I took with my cup of Bohea."

Quoth I, "Pray don't mention it!" So she resumed,
Whispering, "You've taken a weight off my breast;"
From which, with the blindness of love, I assumed
I had helped her the meal of the morn to digest.
"O HENRI! *Another* came in and proposed;
And I—ah, forgive me!"—but here I aroised.

"Thou fickle and false one! thou also untrue!"
(This reproach has its right of translation reserved,)
"Bohea and *kidnee* I passed over in you;
And even grilled bones I let go unobserved.
But *Another*! Oh, cruellest wrench of the rack!
This straw doth indeed break the last camel's back!"



Then fiercely I crushed my hat over my eyes,
And forthly I rushed in the still summer night.
"*Another*!" I shout, and "*Another*!" replies
The *Echo* (a special edition), in spite.
With a curse, round the corner I recklessly fly,
And, colliding,* "ground downvarts," fall TOMPKINS and I.

* "Colliding:" an Americanism. Trains "collide" when they attempt to pass each other on a single line of rail.

On his brow is a bruise, in my mouth there is mud ;
I am burning with rage—he is outwardly cool ;
At the tips of both noses are dew-drops of blood,
And, first finding breath, I exclaim, "You're a fool!"
Says he, "You're another!" I stagger. "What, *me!*
I Another! Oh, heavens! can this really be?"



He said it again, and his accents were such
As carried conviction ; I saw my mistake!
Once more with my MARGARET I sat, and though much
She'd been hurt by suspicion, her troth she'd not break.
For with TOMPKINS as witness, I showed that, though she
Had accepted *Another*, *Another* was *me!*



MODERN MERMAIDS.

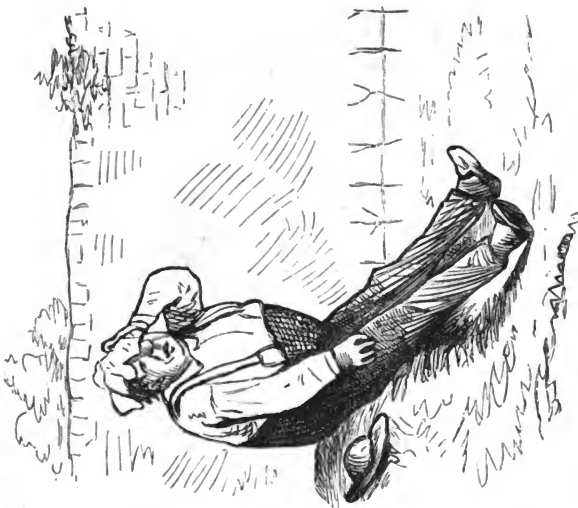
Dainty forms gleaming,
Gold tresses streaming,
Bright smiles beaming,
Sweet voices screaming,
Here we come merrily
Into the sea.
Slippity, sloppity,
Here we come—floppity,
In we go—*booh!*
There's the sea dashing,
In we go—splashing,
Now for it—*oooh!*

Here we come dripping,
And ducking, and slipping
On shingle, and dipping
Our back hair, and sipping,
All so laughingly,
Mouthfuls of sea.
Slippity, sloppity,
Here we come—floppity,
Out at last—*oooh!*
Where's the machine, dear?
Gone away, that's clear!
What shall we do?

THE DAY OF REST.



This is that dear old PUFFINUPPER's notion of it.
N.B.—Please observe plants (elms and oaks, and such-like) on the line of the horizon.



This is that dear old P. after he has watered his plants.
N.B.—Please observe plants (elms and oaks, and such-like) on the line of the horizon.



MARVELOUS. *Young Lady.* "Ah! really, Mr. SPURGE, I can't think how you manage to paint with such taste,"
my hand, I assure you."

Mr. S. "Simply by holding my palette in



CO-OPERATION WITH A VENGEANCE.

Charles (not best pleased). "Saved ten shillings? Ah, and you gave five shillings for your ticket?"

Treasure of a Wife. "Y—Yes, of course."

Charles. "Took your sister—stood lunch, that was two-and-six—and a fly there and back to fetch the things. Ah, about ten shillings dead loss. Confound your co-operation!"

THE USUAL RESULT.

Somewhere in "Don Juan," if I am right,
Lord BYRON, speaking rather in derision

Of that odd feeling which one fairly might,

If one were so inclined, call indecision,

Shows that one often does a thing, despite

Its putting one in an absurd position:

Thus JULIA, says he, being near demented,

"Swearing she never would consent—consented."

So, when in early June the question is—

"Where shall we go this year for holiday?"

From blooming matron or from budding miss—

"Where shall we go to in July, Pa—say?"

Poor PATER's answer always runs like this:

"This year we can't afford to go away."

But, when July comes, PATER has relented—

Swearing he never would consent—consented!



A SETTLER. *Abolimus* (indignant for his sentiment). "Good night, beloved—may the drowsy god soon wrap that beautiful form in golden slumber—may delicious dreams hover o'er thy couch!"

Emily (his betrothed, somewhat matter-of-fact). "Good night. Be sure you turn the gas off, put your boots on, and—don't snore!"

Abolimus never tired it. "no more."



Not worth a Button.

1st Ragamuffin. "Bill, I'll toss yer for buttons."

2nd Ditto. "Can't. I had a reg'lar facer yesterday. Jim won every button I had about me."

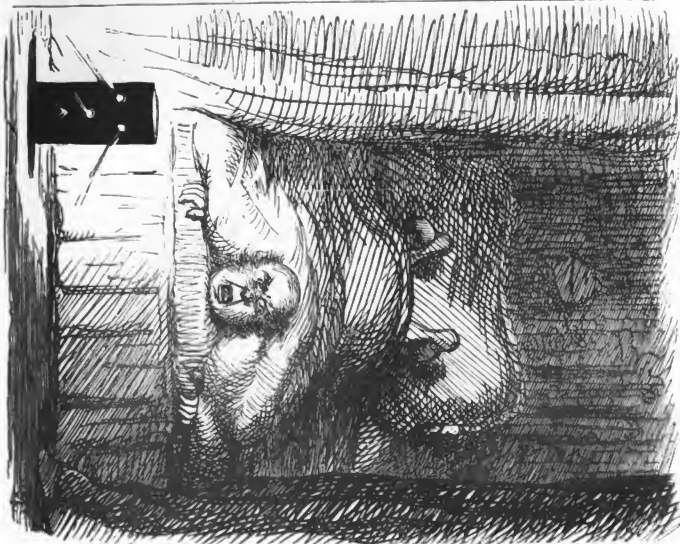
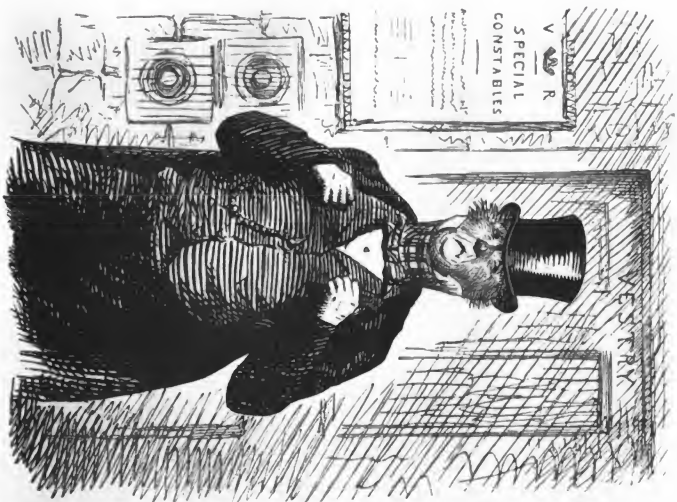
TRAGICAL OCCURRENCE NEAR SYDENHAM.

Intense excitement has been caused in the neighbourhood of Penge by an event which, at present, is enshrouded in mystery. It appears that Mr. SAWFTON, an influential resident, on his return from the "Hat and Feathers," where he had been spending the evening with a few friends, had no sooner set foot inside his chamber-door, than he was immediately BLOWN UP. Suspicion has fallen upon the wife of the unfortunate man, who, it is said, was heard to threaten that, if he returned after eleven o'clock, it would be *at his peril*. Up to the time of going to press, no further particulars have been received.

STRANGE.—By a strange coincidence, Peace itself is, after all, the greatest "army contractor" in the world!

MEDICAL.—May a child with "water on the brain" be said to be hydro-headed?

THE LAST NEWS.—The hangman's.



Mr. BOWEN as he appeared after being sworn in as "a Special."

BOWEN AS A PATRIOT.

"The same eminent person on the occasion of a "midnight call."



NON-SUITED.

Lawyer. "The coat's too long, the waistcoat's too long; in fact, the entire suit's too long."

Tailor. "Dear me, sir, I'm very sorry, but the fact is, I—I thought gentlemen of your profession preferred long suits."

TO HUSBANDS.

The edict is spoken!
And skirts shall no more
Of daughters and wives sweep
Society's floor.

But, husbands, rejoicing
Too soon would be wrong;
If the dresses are short,
Still your bills will be long.

"DO YOU LIKE THE PICT-URE?"

Scotchmen need scarcely trouble to pride themselves on their prowess and appearance, when it is known that they are Pict men.



WHAT THE GRECIAN BEND CAME TO.

119

Sputterings from "Judy's" Pen.

Does a cow's tail resemble a swan's breast?—Yes, for they both grow down.

Sleight of hand.—Refusing an "offer."

Is a bloater like an untamed leopard when it's potted?

A Scotchman had a friend who was a dwarf. Another asked him what he called the little fellow. "I call him a man, I ken," said he.

Rejected Addresses.—The Post-office rejects all letters addressed — SMITH, Esq., London. Before doing so, should they not look in the Directory, under letter L., for their name is really Legion?

A Servant of Hall Work.—A hall porter.

What part of the proscenium of a theatre is like the wreath of a conqueror?—Why, the green baize (bays), of course.

The Prison Dance.—A "quod" reel.

"That is unremitting attention," the student said, when his father forgot his usual allowance.

To Invalids.—A Place to Winter in—Somers Town.

A Malady of the Low Ten.—Gout.

Why are Cashmere shawls like people who are totally deaf?—Because you cannot make them here.

The Place for Cribbage-players.—Pegwell.

It does not prove that a pawnbroker is of an inquisitive turn of mind, because he wants to know the name and address of everybody.

A venerable pile.—A worn-out Turkey carpet.

Some people pretend that our mother EVE belonged to the High Church. This is quite wrong, for ADAM called her EVE-angelical. Perhaps she changed after they quarrelled.

Power of Evil.—A power of attorney.

Power of Love.—A POWER at the Vaudeville.

Who are the most discontented of all tradesmen?—Blacksmiths; for their bellows and blows are always going, and they are striking for wages all the year round.

Popular Delusion.—That "boys will be boys;" for, if they live long enough, they will be men.

Theatrical Con.—Can it be truly said that actors who wear false calves are themselves real ones?

Can the last of a ship be called its hull-timatum?

Some women have no memory: when they want to remember a thing, they should write it down and stick it on the looking-glass.

Odd Again.—It was the first pair ate the first apple.

A man is not like a chicken: the older he gets, the tenderer he becomes. Young ladies, please note!

A Phenomenon in Nature.—A feat of arms.

A countryman saw the skeleton of a donkey in a local museum. "How odd we look without flesh!" he said.

The Motto for an Irish Incendiary.—I burn yer!

Scientific men have declared the Mont Cenis Tunnel to be a clever piece of engineering; but "Judy" says she couldn't see anything in it.

Is a pawnbroker a man of principal?—Yes; it is his interest to be so.

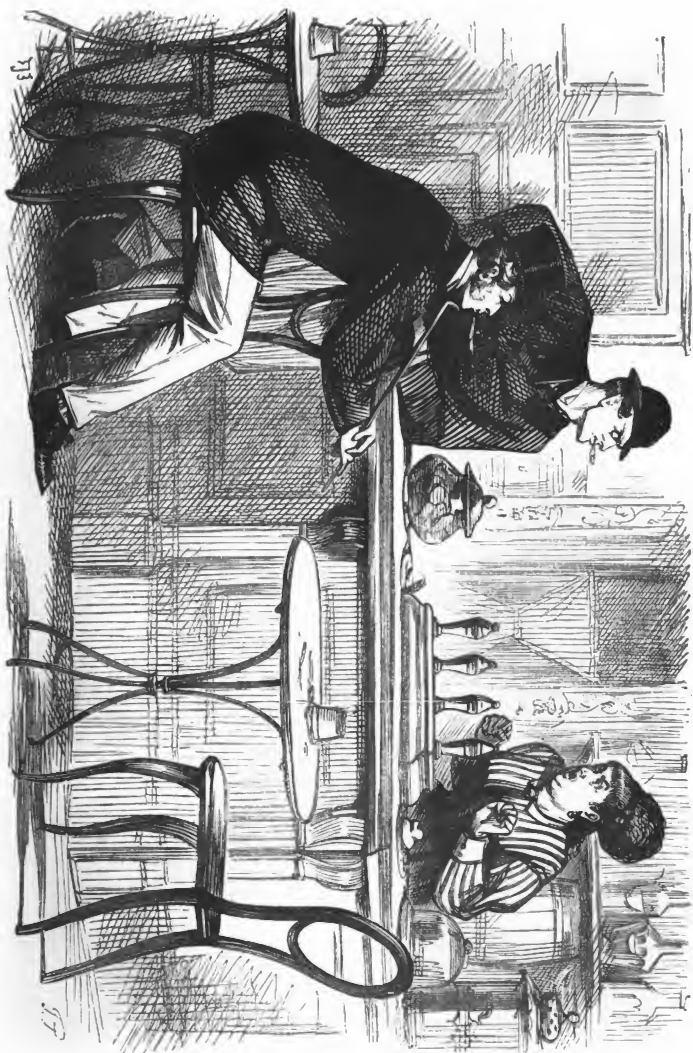
Query.—Does a clock's hands get its gloves on tick?

A Fizzing Joke.—What is the difference between a champagne supper at Cambridge and the Autumn Manœuvres?—One is a Cam. champagne party—the other a sham campaign party.

To Rowers.—Can a dead man steer his own corse?

Dreadful News from Clerkenwell.—The clocks have struck.

Mummies do not look as though they were in a hurry, yet it is certain that at first they must have been pressed for time.

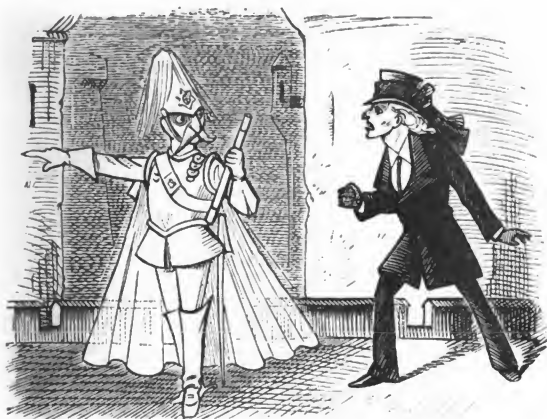


UNPROVOKED OUTRAGE ON A YOUNG LADY. *Young Man of the Period.* "Two old and stout - that's right, isn't it, Jim?"

PUNOLOGICAL.



Only fancy playing Shakspeare in the Dress of the
Period, as Garrick did!



HAMLET.—“ I ’ll go no farther ! ”—*Act i. Scene 5.*



OTHELLO.—“ Lend me thy handkerchief. ”—*Act iii. Scene 4.*



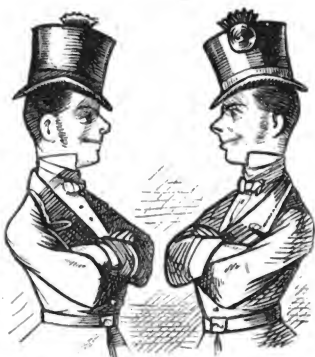
MERCHANT OF VENICE.—“Why doth the Jew pause?”—*Act iv. Scene 1.*



MACBETH.—“Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.”—*Act iv. Scene 1.*



ROMEO AND JULIET.—“O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?”—*Act ii. Scene 2.*



COMEDY OF ERRORS.—“Methinks you are my glass.”—*Act v. Scene 1.*



LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.—“An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit.”—*Act iv. Scene 1.*

HIS'N.

Policeman X his hat of felt
Mayn't sell, though seedy grown;
But he's a right to sell his belt,
Because it is his zone.

Boiling water is more estimable than cold, because it can't help rising in esteem.

ROUND THE CORNER.



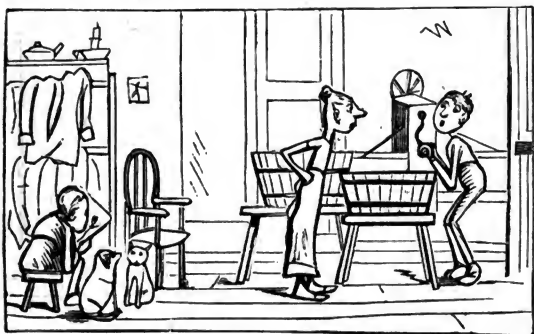
1. It was the Old Woman began it. She said she'd just got to step round the corner, and left the Old Man to keep his eye on things.



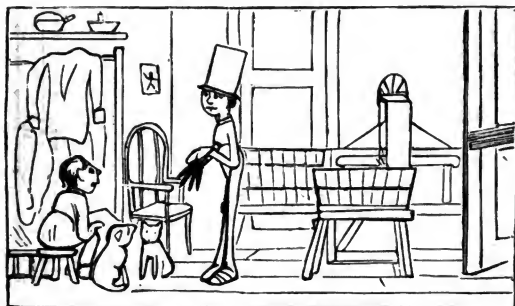
2. But, bless you! she'd no sooner turned her back than he was off round the corner too.



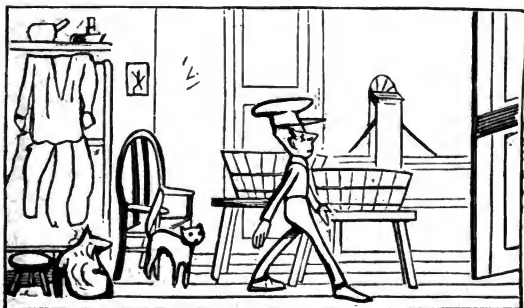
3. Then says HEMMA JANE, "I'm just going round the corner for half a minute. You keep BILLY at it, MARY ANN, will you?"



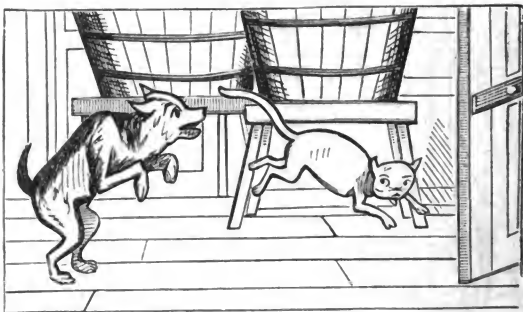
4. And so she would have done, only she stepped out too. But she told BILLY he was to go on while she was away.



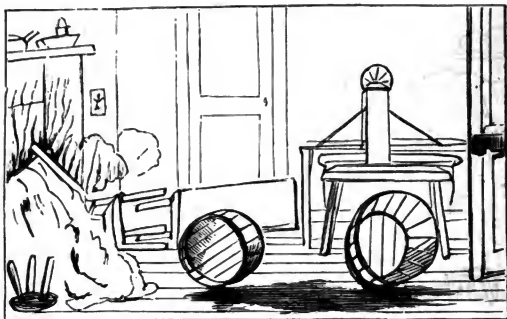
5. But BILLY thought he might as well do a step on his own account, and so he just told BENJAMIN not to stir an inch by any means.



6. "Blowed if I don't, though," said BENJAMIN, and stepped it accordingly.



7. Then the cat and dog had the very dickens of a lark all to themselves.



8. Then followed chaos. And that's all the story.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BOLTER.—It is not necessary to take out a licence to shoot the moon.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.—A cold flat-iron cannot be described as a dead heat.

JACOB OMNIUM.—Your verses on "My Baby's First Tooth" are very pretty, and might do for the "Times" or the "Cornhill," but are hardly suited our columns. Never mind; try again. We always encourage rising talent.

PRACTICAL MAN wants to know how long a "poet's eye, with a fine frenzy rolling," would take to roll his gravel walk?—We don't know. You had better ask Mr. TENNYSON, or any fancy baker.

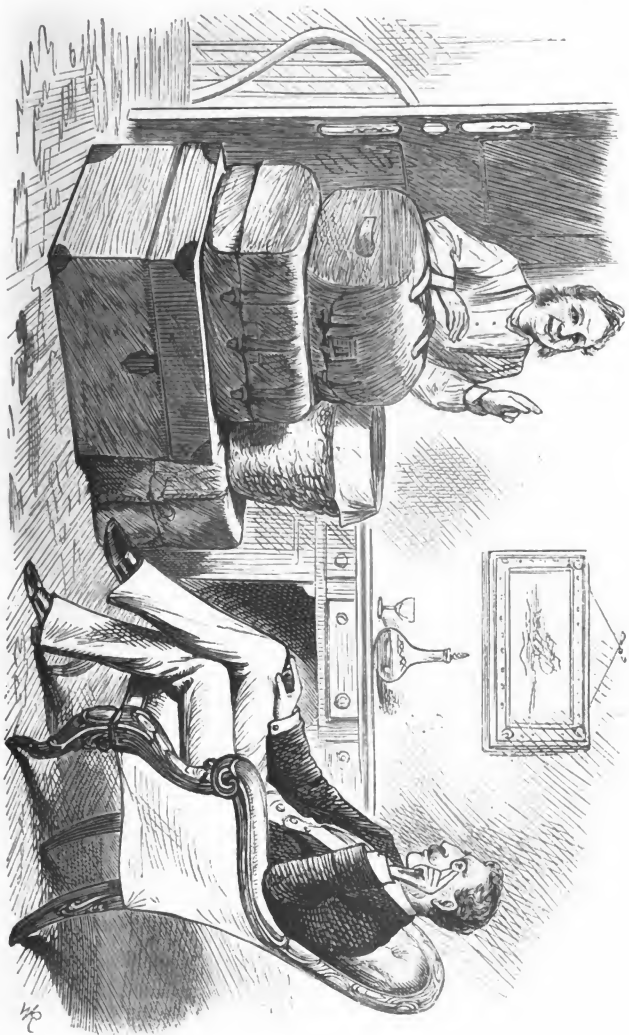
INQUIRING MIND asks if he can cut a slice of luck off the bread of adversity? and if not, will we oblige him with the loan of five shillings?—No, to both questions; but on the payment of twopence at our office, he can be presented with at least five pounds' worth of wisdom.

A—N SW—NB—RNE.—We like our port, but not our verses, to be full-flavoured, and really yours—but, there, don't send any more.

BLUE-EYED BESSIE.—Walking about with a curlew on your head will not change straight hair into ringlets.

A CONSTITUTIONAL ENGLISHMAN is wrong. There is no official clown appointed in the House of Commons; but Mr. WHALLEY is—the member for Peterborough.

VERY GOOD OF HIM, TOO. It was all very well for Sir CHARLES NAPIER to talk about officers requiring only soap and a towel to go campaigning; but when our friend Lieutenant JACK was ordered out for the Autumn Manœuvres, with the R.A. Auxiliary Transport Train, he really and truly took only a few actual necessities with him.





A Pleasant Prospect.

Mrs. Alderman Dobbin (à propos of the private theatricals she is getting up). "Yes, we 'ave arranged the denoomong quite satisfactory, Sir 'Arry. All you 'ave got to do is to fall in love with my Horgusta here, and marry 'er and settle down with 'er and 'er—'er mother—that's me, you know—and live in Camden Town, and be 'appy ever afterwards."

BITTER!

How oft one thinks the lot one bears
Is worse than some one else's—
That while *my* share's to get the cares,
Your joys are in excelsis!
But still, repining isn't meet—
I have a method fitter:
Let those who want it take the Sweet;
I go in for the Bitter!

Let those who love the fields give thanks
For meadows, trees, and hedges;
For flowing streams, with rushy banks,
Forget-me-nots, and sedges;
But where *I* go hop-clusters grow,
And birds among them twitter:
'Tis sweet to look on Nature—though
I like her when she's—Bitter!

May they who love "the cup that cheers"
The kettle always keep hot,
Enjoy their brew for many years,
And never lack a teapot!
A frothing glass *I* like to see,
Where amber sparkles glitter;
They make their tea too sweet for me:
I like it better—Bitter!

Let sons of BACCHUS—ardent souls—
Toast him in liquor ruddy:
Let those go in for "flowing bowls"
Who make such things their study;
No foreign bev'rages for me!
In drink a great deal fitter
I toast a milder deity:
Here's to your health, O BITTER!

A BAD SEAT. *Traveller.* "Be yer hurt much, zur?" *Gentleman of Sedentary Habits.* "Hurt? No!" *Traveller.* "Then I'm blest if the ground beant. Thoe can't be an ounce less than twenty stuns."



PROCTOR
19



A VERY FREE TRANSLATION.

Scholastic Gentleman. "Now, my boy, I think that I should get in first. What say you? *Seniores Priores.* You know the meaning of that, of course?"
Boy. "Oh, yes, all right, 'Age before honesty!' Tumble in."

THINGS WE SHOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO SEE.

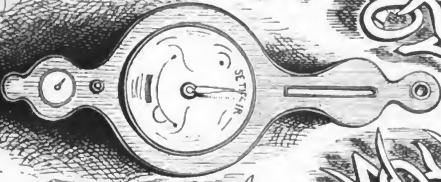
A fruit-tree that keeps away pilferers by its own bark.
 Gas that would go out at night and come in again in the morning.
 A saucepan that will boil over with rage when the cook is insulted.
 A gold "hunter" that will carry fourteen "stone" and be in at the death.
 A clock that is so conceited as not to run down its own works.
 The coat of a poor man's stomach (to see if it is out at the elbows).

A WATERY SUBJECT.

A heroine is thus described by her portrayer, an English author of some promise:—"She was frozen with horror, then melted into tears, and finally consigned from the vessel's deck to a watery grave!" Never again to be fished up, let us hope. "The waters of a full cup" were unmistakably wrung out to her.



A STRANGE BAROMETER



A man JUDY knows bought a barometer, and when the glass promised "set fair," he went out without his mackintosh and umbrella, and enjoyed himself amazingly.

What is the difference between a fulsome flatterer and a person weary of pledging at a Pawnbroker's?—One is sycophant, and the other sick of uncle.

It's strange that neat spirits should lead any one into untidy habits.

How to get a long well.—Dig it deep.

Are acrobats unprincipled men because they poise on each other?

A Sweetly Pretty Thought.—It is impossible for celebrated actresses to live to an old age, because those the *gods* love die young.

Does a cow become landed property when she is turned into a field?

Elevated Buildings.—Castles in the air.

Why is a sweet scent like a blind alley?—Because it is a nose treat (no street).

"Believe nothing that you hear, and only half of what you see." The latter portion of this advice is only appropriate to drunkards, who notoriously *see double*.

Are auctioneers naturally a for-bidding class of men?

Is a duellist a paradox because his first consideration is for his second?

Why do parents send for the doctor when their children have a bad cough?—Because they fear it may be U P (hoopy).

Why is a pig like a miser?—Because he is no good until he is dead.

Labour in Vein.—Working in a coal-mine.

Why need a gardener never be poor?—Because he can raise his own salary (celery) every year.

At what time does a pig resemble ice?—When ham.

If a hole made in a wall by a cannon-ball is called a breach, would two such holes make a pair of—oh, good gracious!

What's the difference between my mother's brother and my mother's sister?—One's my uncle, and the other ar'n't (aunt).

People do not die often in healthy Scotch villages—Only once.

Women think all men are thieves. Well, they may rob them even of their names.

Some people at a crowded evening party have belles on their toes. It generally hurts them.

Sometimes coal does not burn well of an evening, because it's slate.

Some married people always go to bed quarrelling, yet they never fall out.

Not Generally Known.—A shoemaker always finishes his shoe at the beginning, and begins at the last.

"Parting is such sweet sorrow," particularly with a cracked looking-glass and a toothless comb.

Blind men can always buy eyes-in-glass very cheaply at a druggist's.

Some spinsters complain that the men leave them alone, even when they never leave them.

How to Prevent Milk Turning into Cream.—Buy it of a London milkman.

"Let the toast be, dear woman," the man said to his wife, when he wanted to eat it all himself.

Is a Stilton cheese like music when it's sound?

To a Fair Correspondent.—No; ships do not wear whales' bones in their stays, nor do they suffer from tight lacing.

A stitch in time saves nine. Those who have got one in the side, be thankful!

A Poser for an Oculist.—A window-blind.

To Mothers.—You shouldn't let the children read WATTS's poems; they contain much hymn-morality.

When a kettle just begins to boil, is its music that of a *dull simmer*?

When your doctor questions you, it is some consolation to know that he is out of order also; for, though you are queer, he is the queerist.

Net Profits.—A Fisherman's.

ALL MY EYE!

1st Rustic (indulgedly),

"Doe, love me, Joe?"

2nd doe, (do.)

"Noo, a doesn't love thee."

1st doe,

"Wait for doant to love me, Joe."

2nd doe, (do.)

"Cas thee squints."

1st doe, "That's my misfortune, lad."

2nd doe, "Noo, at 's naw thee misfortune, at 's thee darned ignorance!"





HOW I MARRIED THE TWO-HEADED CUCKOO.

THE STORY OF A DOUBLE MISTAKE.



1. I had always been extraordinarily susceptible where the fair sex was concerned. No wonder those two pairs of eyes were too many for me.

2. From the very first moment that she gave her consent I felt it was all over with me.



3. And when it came to putting on the ring, though, there were such a lot of fingers, it got to be quite confusing.



4. But I must say I had never properly estimated the difficulty I should find with so many mouths to fill. Bachelors with limited means, take this as an awful caution. *No cards!*

TOUCHING MELODY.

The most affecting instance of the power of music is that presented by the troubadour mentioned in the song. He sang so sweetly that he actually "touched his guitar."



THE FIRST DEPARTURE OF THE EVENING.

Master Tommy. "Boo-hoo!"

[Kicks Nurse.]



AT "PARRY."

Jones (at a table d'hôte). "I tell you what it is, SMITH, French cutlery isn't nearly as bad as people make out."

Smith. "Ain't it, though? Why, I cuts my lips every time I puts my knife in my mouth."

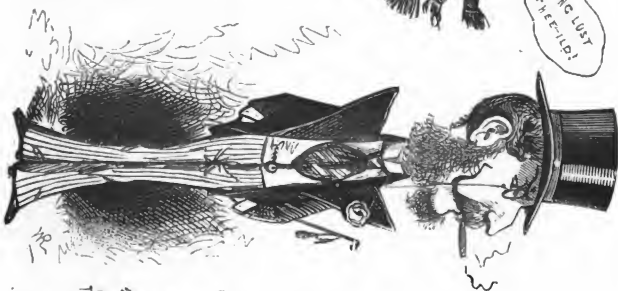
SOME MORE SWELLS.



The Swell of Emotion.



The Swell Mobman.



The Swell of the West.



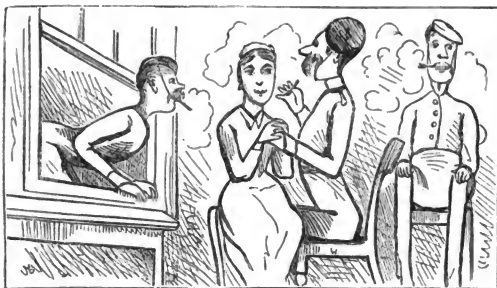
The Swell of the Ocean.



The "Swelling Scene."

THE SLAVEYS' STRIKE.

"Judy" has been informed that the following Resolutions were come to at a recent Meeting:—



1. That as many followers should be allowed as there is room for in the kitchen.



2. That the joint should be first cut downstairs, and, when done with, be sent up to the dining-room.



3. That, if latch-keys are objected to, Master should sit up and let JAMES in when he goes out to prayer meeting.



4. That Missus should wear the cap, if one be worn at all. A is the Missus :
B is the Maid.

Serenading in the Middle Ages.



Here is the true-hearted
serenader.

Here is the lady-love whom
he would have serenaded.

Only he played his tunes outside
the wrong window.



The New Colour—"Warranted Fast."

Constantia. "Georgy, dear (*never so dear as when shopping*), I do like that shade; it just suits me."

Poor George (who means what he says). "I wish to goodness it didn't."

AN IDIOTIC IDYLL.

There were fifteen or sixteen young boys,
Who upset their grandmamma's toys,
Then laughingly said,
"Come, stand on your head,
For your nut as it is us annoys."

So, wishing the time to beguile,
Dear granny complied with a smile:
When the youngest and least,
(The ungrateful young beast!)
Gaily offered to hop her a mile.

Now, the third son—you'll scarcely believe—
Would slip his life straight up his sleeve,
And ne'er pull it down,
Unless you would frown
A frown you can scarcely conceive.

But SAM was the second son's name,
And thinking p'r'aps he was to blame,
The poor little brute
Said, "I'll follow suit,"
And swallowed his family name.

His physicians then thought he would die,
And the stomach-pump tried to apply,
When the artful young wretch,
With a kick and a stretch,
Tipped the doctor a wink on the sly.

Yes, he did, and he did, and he did,
Did this very precocious young kid;
Then laughed at 'em all,
Big brothers and small—
Yes, he did, and he did, and he did.



ROASTING. *Butlers.* "I say, Cooky, look here; you're wanted." *Cook.* "What d'ye mean, Imperence?" *Butlers.* "Why, there's about a dozen plain cooks wanted and there's quite enough o' you to cut up alceity—and you're plain enough for the whole bilin'." *[It need not be stated that a "basting" followed]*



DEPRAVITY OF THE DEEPEST DYE.

That horrid wicked girl, FLORENCE, actually had the hardihood to declare that the handsome young FOPKINS was the first man she had seen on VALENTINE'S DAY, when her sister CLARA was ready to swear that she saw her look through the blind at that horrid little "turnip" TOMPKINS, to say nothing of the buttermilk.



The very last delightfully horrible murder. "Dear, dear, how dreadfully shocking! Do let us read all the particulars."

A FRESH ATTACK.

Paterfamilias.

"Come, come, Clara, there's the first dinner bell—get into a canter!"

Clara. "Yes, I would, dear Papa, but I've got that dreadful feeling about my heart again, and you know what Doctor Sawbones said."

[The immediate cause is easily discoverable.]





KNOTTY POINT.

SCENE—A certain Drawing-room.

Captain Blank (who has been away on active service for ten years or so). "I suppose I ought to say something to her, as I have been introduced; but what ought I to say if I begin? Is it better to make a fool of myself, or only to let her think me one?"

[Remains undecided. Music continues.]

A SEA-PORT WITHOUT ANY SEA.

Southport is about twenty miles north of Liverpool, and is supposed by popular superstition to be upon the sea. The chief product of Southport is sand, the chief amusement of Southport is walking in the sand—so is the chief labour.

Southport derives its name from the facts of its being in the north, and possessing no port. To atone for this deficiency, it has a pier—an obtrusive projection a mile in length, over dry sand, drifted sand, moist sand, and puddly sand. From the farthest extremity a view of the sea can be had at favourable times—a view bounded by sandbanks. A real train, propelled by a real engine, with the motive power of real steam, takes passengers, for a small consideration, down the pier and back again. N.B.—This is a favourite pastime, it being the only way to escape the sand.

On rare occasions, when rumour goes forth that there will be a high tide, the population turns out to a man, woman, and child, and watches for the ocean, which is discernible on such occasions with the naked eye.

When enthusiastic tourists take up a summer residence at Southport, for one week at least they spend all their time in chasing the ocean. Taking the Esplanade as a starting-point, they are encouraged by the sight of bathing-machines on the sand, hardy mariners at the door of the Jolly Sandboy, and children with spades to dig in the sand. Before them stretches a veritable Sahara, and—camels being unknown at Southport—on foot they tread the dreary waste in search of the sea. Urged on with renewed hope by the discovery of a periwinkle shell, they plunge through the dry sand, and wade through the wet, but the ocean is farther off than ever.

An adventurous traveller from Africa is said once to have reached the sea—to have chased it and caught it. The mayor and corporation waited upon him, and offered, if he would allow himself to be stuffed, to preserve him in the local museum, as an encouragement to the youth of Great Britain, and a proof of what perseverance could accomplish.

Report says there was once a tree at Southport, but diligent research has proved this to be an invention of the hotel-keepers. Many Liverpool merchants find Southport a delightful residence; they leave it at eight o'clock in the morning, and return at eight at night, and are fully qualified to speak of the advantages of a residence by the sea-side. When there is a high tide they take a holiday, and are happy.

Ladies and gentlemen who are fond of sand, go to Southport; huntsmen who delight in the chase, go to Southport and chivvy the sea; tuft-hunters who love the nobility, remember Southport owns the biggest pier in England; and finally, let all the world, if it can obtain introductions to "Judy's" friends, go to Southport, and cry it up, if for nothing else, for its kind-heartedness, its good fellowship, and its unbounded hospitality.

THE "NAB" LIGHT. Respectfully dedicated to the patrons of the Metropolitan Police.



A Correspondent wants to know if NOAH was his own Ark-itect?—Not having been with him when he built the Ark, our NOAH-ledge on the subject is too limited to give a satisfactory answer.

Proverb.—A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

Corns do not aid us on our path through life, as a rule ; yet we have all heard of a certain Pilgrim whose Progress was entirely due to a BUNYAN.

What is dyspepsia ?—Stuff !

Broken English.—Some of our smashed railway travellers.

A married lady complained that her husband had ill-used her. Her father hearing it, boxed her ears. "Tell him," said the father, "that if he beats my daughter, I will beat his wife." Rather a pleasant prospect for the lady !

A Sporting Paradox.—Although the Derby is a three-year-old race, I could mention three cracks who have won the Derby three years running.

Irish buttermakers, as a rule, make a lot of pats.

"Your 'poet's eye with a fine phrenzy rolling,' is all bosh !" said WILKINS ; "I hate all the fuss some scribblers assume when they go to work. Why, I knock off an epigram or a poem in a minute, and think nothing of it !" "And your readers, no doubt, think with you," returned his bosom friend.

A Common Informer.—WALKER'S Dictionary.

Mr. EDITOR,—What resemblance is there between swinging, drinking a cup of tea, sharpening a carpenter's tool, and dressing a wound ?—In each case you see-saw, sir.—Yours, with emotion,—A CONSTANT READER.

N.B.—Some London tallow-chandlers keep sea-salt, and have dips in the shop.

Law-breakers.—Smashers, certainly.

A Flounder cast into strange waters said there was no place like home.

Fashionable bootmakers can't always cure ladies' boots if they are bad ; but they heel them.

A good many people take a seaside view of things this time of year.

A Servant-girl said, when her lover threatened to commit suicide, he cuddled her blood.

To Young Campaigners.—If your tent is not waterproof, you should pitch it.

Marriage is often the end of a man's troubles—but which end ?

A reckless party, recently sold up, said his goods were more easily moved than he was.

Any two apples are alike if they are pared.

The story of an unhappy marriage is often a narrative of many words.

Money is a great lever in the affairs of men ; so great a leaver, some of us can never keep it.

Nearly all women like soldiers, and some would like a good offer, sir.

Horses sometimes use their legs to win a cup, and horse-owners often use the cup and lose their legs.

The way to keep your silk umbrella.—Only lend your cotton one.

The Proper Fish for a Publican.—A bar-belle.

No unfortunate trader looks so down in the mouth as a dentist.

It does not follow, because a man spends his money like water, that he need liquid-ate his debts.

Why is an uneven number equal to a quick motion of the eyelids ?—Because an odd is as good as a wink.

Which river asks the most questions ? Is it the Wye ? If so, wherefore ?

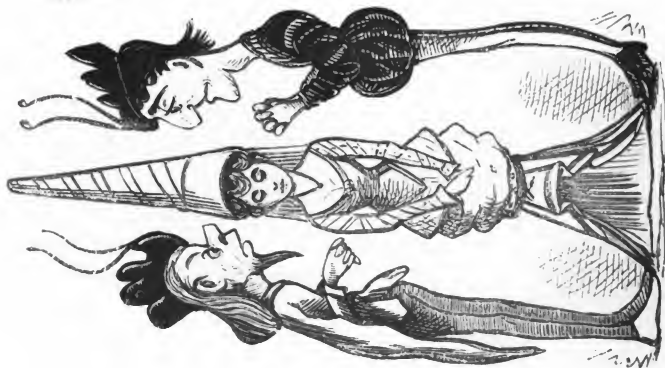
Happy thought, by a cheap shirtmaker, on his own workwomen : "They come like shadows, sew, depart !"

Is it possible for a garret window to suffer room-attic panes ?

A Universal Want.—Want of money.

If a duck goes into the water for divers reasons, does he come on land for sun-dry purposes ?

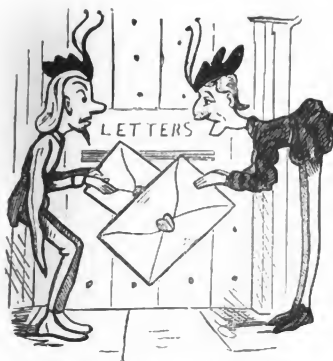
VALENTINE STORY



1. There was a lovely creature, once, who was very much beloved.



2. And, as is usually the case, she loved some one else, and pretended not to.



3. One day there was a great row about two valentines.



4. And parties called other parties bad names.



5. And parties put on armour and went to war, and gave other parties hard knocks.



6. Then the conquering hero gathered up the fragments of his foe, and bore them in triumph to the rhode of the lovely one.



7. Alas! only to find that she was off—with No. 3.



8. He therefore slew himself, with all possible decency, and the two rivals lie side by side in the churchyard. She meanwhile went on loving No. 3.

MORAL—Always be No. 3, if you can.



This is the back view of a popular tragedian, starring it in the provinces.
Such crowded houses, he's obliged to perform on the roof.



▲ "JUMPING JACK"

Rejoicing that all the codfish have been
egg-sauce-ted.



AN N-IGMA.

Wath it the hot weatherrh?

OUTRAGEOUS BEHAVIOUR of two Moscos who, just because they had seen English Protestant tourists do the same thing abroad, thought they could view the parish church of St. Stygths in this astounding manner last Sunday morning.





ZOOLOGICAL.

(To be answered by the Editor of the "Follet.")

Of what species are these very singular-looking members of the feathered tribe, one meets so many of just now?



ON THE TRAMP.

William's Father. "What 'a' yer done with yer mother, WILL-I-AM?"

William. "She got werry tired; and as she see a friend of hers (Q 39) comin' along, she pitched a brick at 'im, an' he took her home to the station."

Father. "Werry good; she's perwided for; we'll look her up in the mornin'."



MACBETH.

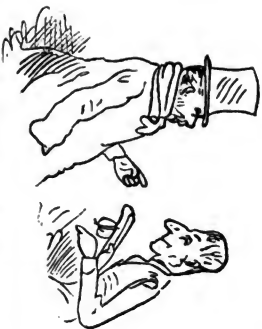
Extra Man (sent on from the wings).—
"As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I looked toward Birnam, and anon,
methought

The wood began to move."

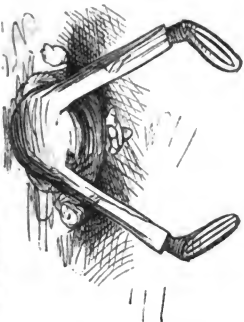
Macbeth (realistic actor). "Liar and slave!" [Striking him.

Extra Man (liberal minded). "Well, sir, they told me to say so." [Exit hastily.

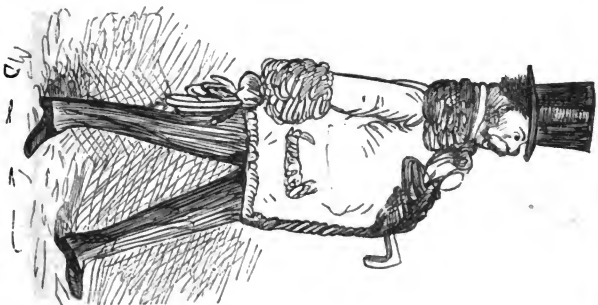
A NICE LITTLE AFFAIR.



1. This is JOSE ORNOY, if you please, who has not had skates on this last twenty years; but yet is, nevertheless, purchasing a pair with all the latest improvements.



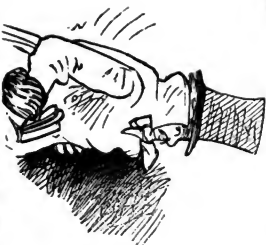
4. First act, figure No. 1. "Oh, lor! here's a 'caveep!'"



2. Drop your eye upon him now (if you'll have the kindness). Here he is *en route* for the Serpentine in his new Russian skating-coat.



3. Here he is having his skates screwed on. "I say, where are you coming to with that gimlet?"



5. "No more of that sort of thing for Mr. Ornoy," thank you. Observe him now (if you have no objection), sneaking home with his improved skates in his pocket.



THIS IS THE PORTRAIT OF

An old lady a little hard of hearing, who lives in a house near the Parade, and who, the other morning, after a salute of twenty-one guns from H.M. ships of war had taken place, was overheard to say, "Come in."



ONE FOR HER CHIGNON.

Elderly Girl (but not exactly of the *Period*). "And so your poor Mamma is losing her sight? Excuse me, my dear, but I thought she could not see very well, or she would never permit you to go about that figure."

Spiteful Little Thing. "Oh, she is not so bad as that, dear. If she met you walking she certainly would see an OBJECT coming towards her."



A NICE DISTINCTION.

Private Malloy (goaded to madness by the goose-step). "Corpril O'SLAUGHTNESSY, your honour! Av I was to call ye a dirty spalpeen o' misery, what would I git?"

Corporal. "Faith, it 'ud be a round dozen."

Private Malloy. "An' av I on'y thought it?"

Corporal. "Divil a harm, so long as ye don't spake it."

Private. "Thin I on'y think it, Corpril!"



WHAT THEY THOUGHT

AT THE SHOW THE OTHER DAY.

Lady. "Poor unhappy pig, how dreadfully fat, and how it must suffer!"

The Pig. "And that's what they call a fashionable Lunnun lady, is it? Don't she look thin and hungry neither!"

Music hath Charms.

Landlady. "Oh, sir, the foreign gent upstairs has got such a beautiful 'ornium. It's got twenty stops." I don't doubt your word, but I've been listening to it a fortnight, and haven't heard one of 'em myself."

Inflated Lodger. "Well,





Heads and Tails at a certain Ball.

Mrs. Candour. "My dear Mr. SMITH, did you ever see such a head as Lady SNEERWELL has got this evening?"

Smith (the ruffian knew where Mrs. CANDOUR dealt for her long curls and little etceteras). "Oh, yes, I've seen that before, I fancy. One of the attendants at FRISSETTE's showed it me this morning, and said he should be well represented here to-night, one way and another."

BY THE SEA.

The modest charms of verdant Spring
Inspire some poets' strains;
While other bards the praises sing
Of Autumn's fertile plains;
But Spring's delights, or Autumn nights,
So pleasant ne'er can be,
As—miles away from London lights—
Is Summer by the sea.

Just think, while the thermometer
Shows eighty in the shade,
Of the unhappy ones left there,
And, for their sins, arrayed
In black cloth coats and "chimney-pots"!—
—Far better 't is to be
Where one is now, clad anyhow,
And dawdling by the sea.

To seek a welcome bed at ten;
To rise again at four;
Stroll out to see the fishermen
Haul their light craft ashore;
And while they draw their slippery prey
From out the tangled net,
To take a dip one's self—to give
One's appetite a *whet*!

When, by-and-bye, the sun gets high,
And hotter grows the day
(A handkerchief spread handily
Will keep the flies away),
To sprawl at random on the sand,
And watch the tumbling seas,
And feel one's face and temples fanned
By every whispering breeze!

At night to promenade the pier,
And hear the music play,
While, far below, the surges flow
In wreaths of foaming spray!
To watch the wavelets, flecked like wings
With ever-changing dyes;
And look "unutterable things"
Into bewild'ring eyes!

The modest charms of verdant Spring
Inspire some poets' strains;
While other bards the praises sing
Of Autumn's fertile plains;
But sweeter far than either are
The Summer nights to me,
When in the sky the moon shines high
Upon the restless sea!

A QUIRE OF NOTE.

The papers tell us that in one of our northern cathedrals ladies are to take part in the singing, though it is not yet known whether they will be clad in surplices, like the male choristers, but why shouldn't they? The male clergy wear gowns in their pulpits, and what is sauce for the gander should also be sauce for the goose.

CATCHING AT A STRAW.

Master. "Now then: once more. Be careful. Who won the Battle of the Nile?" *Boy (at a forlorn hope).* "Lord DUNDREAVY, sir!"

Lord who—Lord who? "Come, for the last time, Lord who?"





Once more the Male Deceiver!

JOHNSON and JENKINS were down at Brighton for a week "on business," and JOHNSON had to write home to the wife of his bosom. "I say, JENKINS," said he, "do you spell wretched with a R or a W?" "Don't know, I'm sure," replied JENKINS; "say you're jolly miserable instead."

[And so he did, the great humbug.]



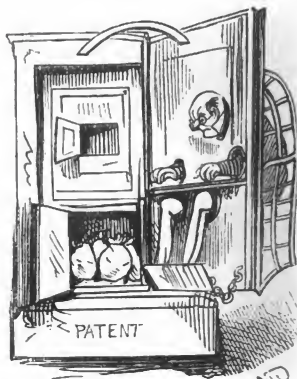
Strange Scientific Discovery.

On turning over the contents of an old portmanteau, a middle-aged gentleman of JUDY's acquaintance found an eye-glass he had lost for the last ten years, upon which the above impression was distinctly visible. It is supposed he must have had this lady a good deal in his eye about that time.



Dreadful Case of Juvenile Precocity.

(Overheard at some recent Private Theatricals.)
Woman of the World (nearly nine). "Oh, I wish I was a man and had moustachios!"

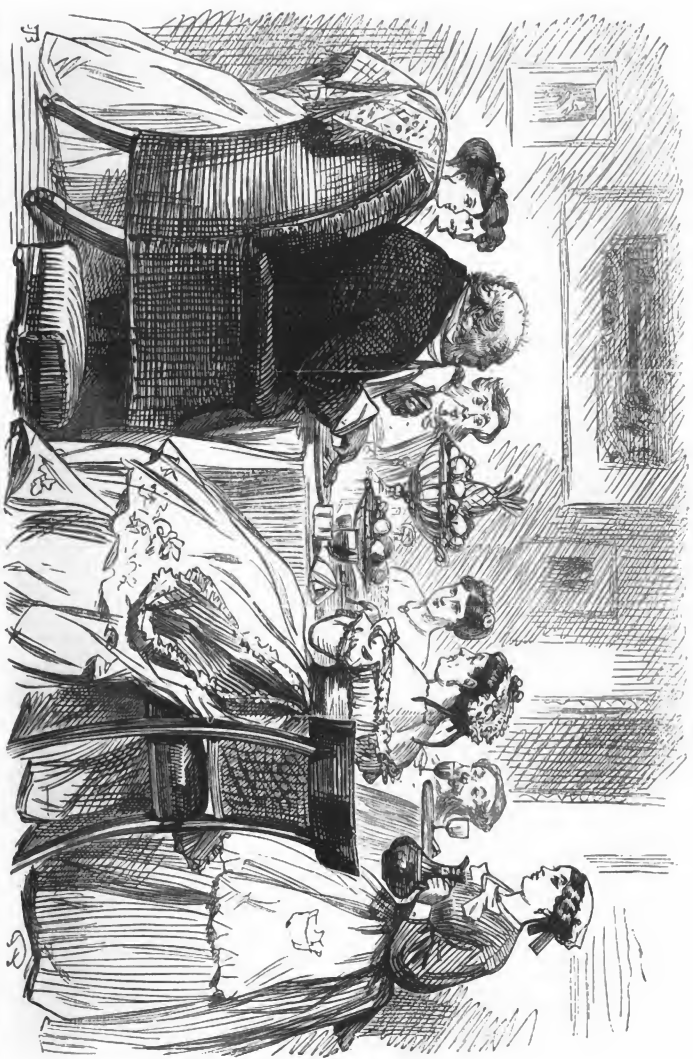


The Patent Safe.

Recommended to all new public companies. N.B.—It locks up the cashier as well as the cash.

STUFF AND NONSENSE. *Anxious Relative.* "I hope your stuffing won't upset you, Uncle."

Uncle (given to misunderstanding). "What d'ye mean,



The following Story illustrates the Evanesence of the Tender Passion, and the Rapidity of the Metropolitan Railway.



He. Madam, thus I place my fate
In your own dear—— *Porter.* Aldersgate!
She. Sir, I beg you go not on;
I can never—— *Porter.* Farringdon!



He. From my breast take off this load:
Say you are my—— *Porter.* Portland Road!
She. Pray, behave, sir, as you should;
You are not in—— *Porter.* St. John's Wood!

UNDERGROUND



He. Let me try my whole heart's force

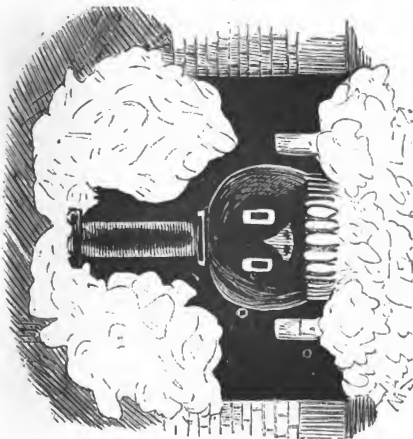
To persuade you to——

Porter. King's Cross!

She. I can only, sir, repeat

I am already——

Porter. Baker Street!



A TALE

OF

FUNNELS.



He. Sneer, ah! sneer, ma'am, as you will;
You cannot quench my——

Porter. Notting Hill!

She. Sir, I never care to crush

Any person's——

Porter. Shepherd's Bush!

The Course of True Love on the Underground—continued.



He. Then, O leave all kin and kith,
And become my—— *Porter.* Hammersmith!

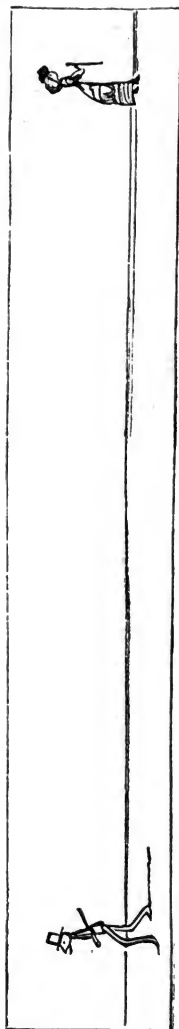
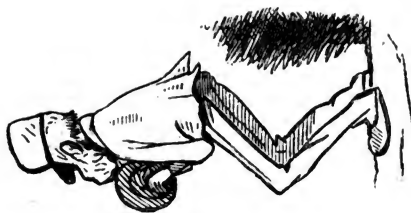
She. Pooh! sir, I must follow fate;
It may bid me—— *Porter.* Notting Gate!

He. Must my burning flame be pumped on
By a calculating—— *Porter.* Brompton!

She. Nay, good sir, do not despair,
Time will bring with it—— *Porter.* Sloane Square!

He. Cease, cold-hearted one: my dark
Future is—— *Porter.* St. James's Park!

She. Time may soften, p'rhaps, your loss;
Farewell for ever—— *Porter.* Charing Cross!



And here they both got out, went away in different directions, have never seen one another since, and never wish to.

THE WRONG SORT. *Nimrod*, "Let him have his head, Frank. He'll come over!"

Frank, "Yes; and so shall I—on my head."



Sputterings from "Judy's" Pen.

A Yankee, having read the words, *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, wants to know what he did it for?

A Day of Reckoning.—Saturday.

Barbers make many friends, but scrape more acquaintances.

The man who gave a bit of his mind to another has since been punished for a breach of the piece.

What weed does a gardener seldom object to see?—A cigar in his own mouth.

Bill Stickers.—Files.

"Judy" says she has heard that money is the root of all evil, but she has no objection to having a trunk of it.

To become the lion of a party, it is not necessary to make a beast of one's self.

One would suppose that "the luxury of woe" (wo!) is best appreciated by the tired cab-horse.

A man ought to keep out of trade if he can't get tin.

Why are swells in Hindostan like poverty?—Because they're Indigents(ce).

Capillary Attraction.—It is a curious but incontrovertible fact that when a hirsute young gentleman pays his addresses to a lady, he invariably becomes hirsuter (her suitor).

When is a smile behind time?—When it's a little laughter.

Why is the letter S like a sewing-machine?—Because it makes needles needless.

What Spirit do Poachers believe in?—A little gin.

They say that HOLLOWAY'S Pills are altogether beaten by the recent recovery of a very bad "debt."

Why are lawyers like ivy?—Because the greater the ruin, the more they cling.

No Point to Sailors.—A gale-a-day.

"You talk of your troubles, but yours is not such a hard case as mine," as the oyster said to the fisherman.

Where best to Study the Art of Packing.—In the third-class carriages on the "Metropolitan."

Mrs. JONES says to Mrs. ROBINSON, "Your husband's quite a riddle to me, my dear."—"To *me*, my love," says Mrs. R., "he is quite acrostic" (cross stick, she must have meant).

In unseasonably hot weather, one complains of the unwanted heat.

The best Cure for Poverty—A *Sinecure*.

Why are a couple of hands like knapsacks?—Because you seldom see two wrists (tourists) without them.

"Come letters be happy together," as the postman said when they *fell out*—of his bag.

A farmer out West has a New Zealand "help," whom he calls "Our Maori ANN."

When a man is *lantern-jawed*, can he be called *light-headed*?

Wickedness.—The bachelor looks out for No. 1; the married man for No. 2.

Martial.—Why should new levies go to war early in the year?—Because all green things begin to shoot in Spring.

A Joint-stock Business.—The sale of ox-tail soup.

What is the difference between the assertion that "Judy" isn't the most comic paper in the world, and a famous extract of meat?—One is a big lie, and the other is LIE-BIG'S!

When is the best time to brew?—Why in Febrewery, of course.

Who mostly speak of the Decline of the Drama?—Authors who have had their pieces rejected by the managers.

Apropos.—Most of the wounded by bomb-shells are mortally hurt.

To Young Ladies.—If you open your heart to your lover, ten to one a kiss will be the first prisoner to fly out.

Some men will pump you to any extent, if you only give them a handle.

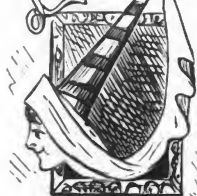
An Artist is not as strong as a horse, but he can draw a larger object.

Slip Knots.—Lovers' ties.

"The Single Married and the Married Happy."—FINE OLD SENTIMENT. It was only what poor little PENNECKER ought to have done, to try and persuade his bachelor friend WILBARD to come home, and see how jolly it was to be surrounded by one's little darlings. Only he ought to have given Mrs. P. proper notice.



LOVELY WOMEN LONG AGO



Awkward style of hat to pop her head out o' window in, if the wearer had seen a young man passing by, some time during the middle ages. Awkward still when she wanted to pull her head back again.



Rather a heavy thing in collars. Requires a large piece of canvas and a very good *blanchisseuse* to do it proper justice.



Head-dress à la WATTEAU. Took a good deal of building, and some imagination. Sweetly pastoral, with plenty of powder and pomatum. The owner usually slept in it for a few weeks, to save trouble.

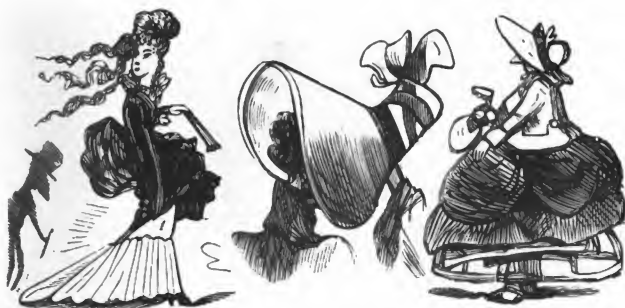


Back view of "JUDY" when she was a girl. It had an extraordinary effect on that man, P.



The sort of chambermaid in vogue when Mr. PICKWICK went down to the "Great White Horse," at Ipswich.

Evening and walking dress in the "Tom and Jerry" days, A.D. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.



Yesterday or the day before—oh! so long ago it seems, though—when Love's young dream was still a-dreaming!

Love in a coal-scuttle. They plighted their troth and sealed the compact. Momentary disappearance of everybody's heads.

During the crinoline mania. A very bad case, indeed. Too late for the last omnibus.



The new self-expanding Gibus, seen in the act of expansion. Great effect for small parties. (Patented.)

Playful Wallflower. "The traw-tong? Oh, with pleasure!"

[Only poor JONES didn't mean that. He only wanted to take her down to supper, as an excuse to go himself.]

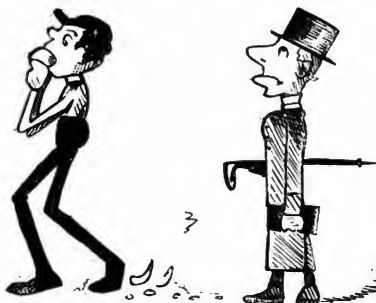


A TALE OF BUMPS AND BRUISES.



1. Artless Innocence, seeing tempting fruit, coveteth the same.

2. During gentle slumber of unconscious proprietor, Artless Innocence helpeth itself.



3. Then goeth on its way rejoicing, and scattereth peel as it goes.

4. Followeth then absent-minded Ecclesiastic with up-turned eyes.



5. Succeedeth Elderly Party, persistently intent on hailing the wrong 'bus.



6. Also, Heavy Swell,
with defective visual or-
gans.



7. Likewise modest Maiden
of the Period, with cerulean
orbs downcast.



8. Awful catastrophe arising from unexpected trip-up of
absent-minded Ecclesiastic.



9. Dreadful row thereon ensuing.



10. Other results befalling other parties less fortunate.



11. Grief and anguish of unhappy orange proprietor when she awaketh.

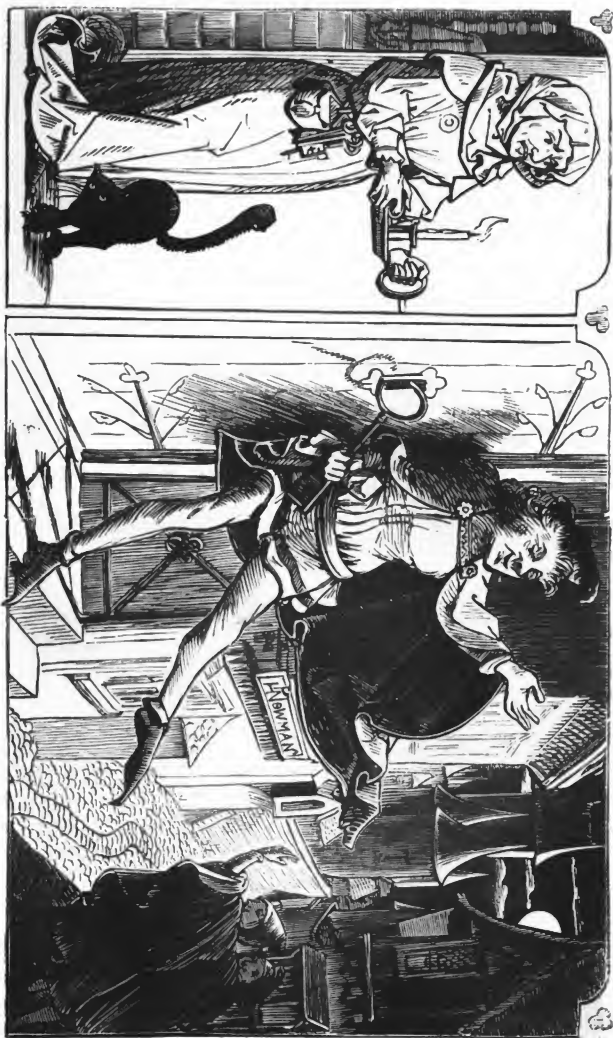
12. Meanwhile Artless Innocence continueth its unruffled course, and scattereth more peel.

Chorus of bruised British Public—"WHERE'S THE POLICE?"

Things Not Worth Trying.

- To ride on a towel-horse.
- To read a volume of water.
- To clip the wings of an hospital.
- To stuff a pillow with the "feathers" you make in rowing.
- To get a direct answer from a Government official.
- To run down Fleet Street.
- To feel comfortable in a 'bus.
- To spend twopence better than in buying "Judy."

What can be worse than losing the sight of one eye?—Losing the sight of both eyes, stupid.



THE GOOD OLD TIMES. Shopping out late. An incident in the life of a Jolly Dog, before latch-keys were invented.

Sputterings from "Judy's" Pen.

It's your tall fellows who are luckiest in love. The ladies are all in favour of Hy-men.
If you're asked to take an egg, and won't, is that an-egg-ative reply?
Advice to Farmers.—Thrash your corn as much as you think necessary, but don't pull its ears off—that's brutal.

How is it Mount Vesuvius never sleeps?—It is always yawning.

One of the boys at "Judy's" printers' is a sad character. When at work, he does nothing but make *pie*; when he's at home, he makes away with it.

Some of those women who are most afraid of lightning have hearts of steal.

When a wife reigns, it seems natural that she should storm too. She generally does.

A probable effect of eating horse-flesh.—Hippo-chondriasis!

Addressed to the Hippophagists.—Does the "man in the moon" eat "mares' tails" soup?

A Trance Action.—Walking in one's sleep.

By a Swell.—Why is the act of digging wound twees like a negwo?—Because it's "a black cweation" (ablaqueation). Haw, haw!

Another Discovery!—Servants in the Sandwich Islands do not "find themselves" in clothes.

A Bad Debt.—The owing of a grudge.

Domestic.—We beg to give the subjoined advice to "young beginners" in the mysteries of "housekeeping": when you go to buy a leg of mutton, invariably keep your wether-eye open!

Maxim for Barbers.—A penny shave is a penny gained.

If, by mistake, you eat somebody else's dinner, in what words would you express your regret?—*Mille* pardons.

There is an old saying that "a straw will break a camel's back;" but we see nothing wonderful in that, as everybody knows "a little leak will sink a large ship."

A Seasonable Inquiry.—Why should winter be called the dead time of year? Is not autumn rather the berry-ing season?

Adapted from the French.—*Breveté* is not "the soul of wit," that's *patent*.

Railway Bonds.—Coupling-irons.

Two Peas.—Man and wife sometimes represent two articles of wearing apparel: the man a muff, the wife a comforter.

"Ills that Flesh is Heir to."—Talk of swallowing a peck of dirt, why "Judy" knows an old gentleman who, in the course of his life, has consumed a half-hundred of *coals*.

Special Reporters.—Signal guns.

"Speak, O Speak!"—Why should a person begin letters with "*My dear sir*," and a firm not begin with "*Our dear sir*"?

A swan's breast cannot be seen when he swims, because it is so much *down* in the water.

Motto for a Gaol.—"*O-kum* and dwell with me!"

New Version.—When's a door not a door?—When it's "a shutter."

Aspirations of a Ruined Turfite.—"Oh, that mine enemy would—*make* a book!"

Possibly Not.—Is it an original remark that the "estate" of matrimony may be said to be in a "ring fence"?

What makes the sun rise?—Why, the East, of course, stupid!

The progenitors of BARCLAY and PERKINS' draymen.—The first Carmen of HORACE.

Literary Definition.—*Foul Play*—Pulling up The Poultry so often.

Lucky Fellow!—POPPLETON, just returned from Margate, informs us that he lately had an opportunity of seeing a practical illustration of the quotation—"Dea ex Machina."—[POPPLETON's a donkey! It is "*Deus*."—JUDY.]

We think so.—Might not DICKENS's "Mrs. Harris" be also appropriately designated Mrs. MYTH?

"An Eager" Heir.—One waiting for his father's death.

A Walking Match.—A vesuvian.

THE GREAT MOGUL;

OR,

THE FATAL SEIDLITZ POWDERS.



OW, in Delhi, there reigned a great Mogul,
And HYDER MONSOON was his name,
By his courtiers termed "the Gentle Bulbul"—
A name which belied his true fame;
For many a one to his rage fell a martyr:
In Delhi, in fact, he was known as "a Tartar."

HYDER MONSOON was a warrior bold,
And to plunder was not averse,
And so he'd collected treasure untold,
Which filled both his palace and purse:
But that which he valued o'er hookahs and
howdahs,
Was one little box, labelled "Best Scidlitz
Powders."

Omne ignotum pro magnifico
's a proverb of course you have read;
So thoughts of this box would pass to and fro,
And puzzle the Great Mogul's head;

And his courtiers thought of it, some better, some worse,
For some thought it a god, and some—quite the reverse.

Those packets so small, some white and some blue,
Confounded the Great Mogul's mind,
So, as was his wont, in a passion he flew,
And vowed that unless they could find
To the puzzle some clue, ere retiring to bed,
By next morning each one should be minus his head.



"What shall we do?" cried the whole courtier crew;
"The Mogul's a man of his word,
Who'll have off our heads, by all that is true,
Though the notion is too absurd——"
When one of them gleefully cried out, "Eureka!
I've found out the plan for which each is a seeker.

“ The Frank dog, SMITH, who captive is lying,
Will be very glad to escape,
And will not object to freedom buying
By helping us out of our scrape;
Though, of course, when he's told us we won't let him go—
Such good faith towards him would be vulgar and low.”

HYDER, when told, approved of the plan;
Delighted, he sent for the box,
And told them to fetch SMITH, the Englishman,
Released from his fetters and locks;
To whom HYDER expressed that if freedom he'd gain,
He must forthwith the box's dark secret explain.



SMITH looked at the box, then scratched at his head,
Then read the directions all through;
Sure, if he failed, he might count himself dead,
Yet not knowing quite what to do.
The Mogul grew impatient; SMITH cried out, “ Here goes !”
And mix'd *all* the blue packets in one gentle dose !



The draught was gulped down with dreadful grimace—
It *was* rather soapy, indeed!
SMITH wasted no time, but took heart of grace,
And mixed the white packets with speed.
The Mogul drained this cup with evident gusto—
Rash monarch! next moment he seemed ready to bust, oh!

He foamed at the mouth, and rolled off his throne,
His eyes started out of his head,
And all he could do was to splutter and groan;
His courtiers, in panic, all fled.
Terror-stricken, SMITH stood, quite unable to fly,
Till politely informed by the guards he must die!

MORAL.

Now, Moguls all, with hookahs and howdahs,
If you'd not be like a balloon,
Don't drink too many "Best Seidlitz Powders;"
Just think about HYDER MONSOON.
Remember, you Franks, that Moguls are not placid,
So don't give to Tartars tartaric acid.



The Latest from the United States.

He. "It is so strange, my dear, that we cannot speak without quarrelling."

She. "And yet when we quarrel, we don't speak."

[This evidently requires to be thought over quietly! —JUDY.]

Qui s'excuse s'accuse.

A second-class season-ticket holder on the North London Railway, who was recently fined for riding in a first-class carriage, is reported to have pleaded in defence that he had been "ordered by the doctor" to ride first class. There is something very amusing in this plea. A doctor occasionally orders a liberal diet, carriage exercise, and so on, but he hardly intends one shall rob the butcher or swindle the livery-stable keeper. It is not to be wondered that the magistrate "didn't quite see it."



HAPPY IS THE WOMAN, ETC.

Pardonable excitement of Miss MINERVA MIGGLES on receiving a letter on the 14th of February.

Miss M. "It is—yes—no—yes, it is—Oh, rapture!—no—'At this inclement season of the year your kind assistance—Home for Decayed Gentlewomen'—Oh, *drat* it!"

CHRISTMAS.

BY A HYPOCHONDRIAC.

Christmas Geese I can't digest;
 Christmas Bells disturb my rest;
 Christmas Singers I'd arrest;
 Christmas Waits I call a pest;
 Christmas Bills I've never blest;
 Christmas Weather's bad at best;
 Christmas Games my patience test;
 Christmas "Boxers" me infest;
 Christmas Customs me molest;
 Christmas—as, perhaps, you've guess'd—
 I most utterly detest!

IN THE WRONG BOX. *Obst. Party.* "Am I right for 'twelve miles round,' young man?"

Unmannered Person. "Well, you're getting on that way, miss."





33

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

Unwholesome Youth. "I also am very musical. I sang 'Woodman, Spare that Tree,' last night, and there wasn't a dry eye in the room."
Cruel Young Lady. "Were you alone?"

A CHRISTMAS PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not, thou soul that slumbers,
 Christmas is an empty dream!
 When these comic double numbers
 With the flash of humour gleam.

Life is earnest, life is real,
 In our Fleet Street and the Strand;
 Many an honest heart and leal
 Shall be moved by laughter's wand.

"Sweet enjoyment, and no damper"—
 Motto fit for every grade—
 [If my friends send me a hamper,
 Let them mark it "Carriage paid."]

Hearts which long with hope were beating,
 Now shall flock to Drury Lane
 There to give a friendly greeting
 To the clown and "pants" again.

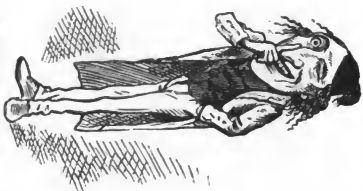
So in other fields of glory
 Comes the genial feud and strife;
 Each man, be he Whig or Tory,
 Finding happiness in life.

Lives like "Judy's" should remind us
 Life can still be made sublime,
 Scattering all the trash behind us,
 Pointing to a better time.

A STRETCH OF FANCY.



These are two gentlemen of an inquiring turn of mind.



And this is old BARNEY, a very deep lie.



Said the two gentlemen of an inquiring turn of mind, "Let's draw old BARNEY out."



And this is how they did it.



OUR PARISH FASHIONS.

1. Chapeau à la Butter-boat, with parsley trimming.
2. Chignon à la Rosbif.
3. Leather-bag Pannier (very useful to travelling ladies).
4. Neat Thing in Back Hair (a chaste and elegant design, suggested by an ornament for a fire-stove.)

From the Ghost of the late Mrs. Partington.

It isn't often that one sticks
 At syllables that's under six,
 But, really, learning goes for nix
 When advertisers play such tricks,
 With AN-A-CHROM—(I'm in a fix)—
 With AN-A-CHROM-A-(Dash it!) THRIX.

TOPSY TURVY.

The turf "plungers," in settling for the Oaks, too often have to sell their ancestral timber; and this cutting of their timber will probably eventually lead to their cutting their sticks, so far as the turf is concerned.

Advice to old Bachelors who dye their hair.—"Keep it dark."

A USEFUL ANIMAL.

Party. "What are you going to do with the old 'ore, Bill?" *Bill.* "Well, I was a-thinking I'd take him down to the Derby."

Party. "Ah! it's lucky you thinks o' taking him, for I'm blest if he'll ever be able to take you."





ONE FOR STIGGINS.

Dustman (to Tract Distributor). "Vere am I going to? Vell, if yer partickler vants to know, me and my pal 's goin' to rub ourselves down with a visp o' straw, and a-goin' to the hoperer."

FATHER CHRISTMAS ON HIS YULE LOG.

Call *that* a yule log? Caitiffs, marry!
 Ye dare to make a mock of *me*!
 Why, in the days of bluff KING HARRY,
 A yule log meant a mighty tree,
 As much as thirty men could carry;
 The hearth that held its broad red light,
 Of roomy stretch, and depth, and height;
 And now, to see yon puny stalk—
 Beneath whose weight a child could walk—
 Crammed in a grate some four feet square,
 To yield a pale and sickly flare!
 Call *that* a yule log? O ye Fates!
 How everything degenerates!

TO PARISH CLERKS AND OTHERS.—Wanted, the registry of marriage between
 "Father-Land" and "Mother-Country!"



A FATAL DISORDER. *James.* "If you please, ma'am, I should wish to go home to-morrow, as my feet is a-coming off." *Mrs. W.* "Dear me, THOMAS, how dreadful! Are you going to the hospital?" *James.* "Oh dear no, ma'am, it's my club feet as is coming off at the Crystal Palace!"

Sputterings from "Judy's" Pen.

Some well-disposed persons have been *taking in* "Judy" for some length of time. She forgives them.

The expression, "A broth of a boy," originated with "Tickets for soup."

One of "Judy's" contributors has just returned from Cantor. He speaks broken China very prettily.

As a matter of course, a costermonger's voice is a barrer-tone.

An Up-train.—A short skirt.

All Tailors are not Cowards—There is one "Judy" knows of, who has many a time faced a dozen regimental coats without flinching.

Why should a hare be called timid?—it always dies game.

There has been an odd duel lately in America—there were six men on the ground and six Misses.

Advice to Persons Meditating Law.—Keep your own counsel.

The Line of Business some Strong-minded Ladies Take Up.—The mascu-line.

"Boys will be boys." Just so. What a pity it is, though, men won't always be men.

Sweepsteaks are sootable food for sweeps.

One ought to have dates at one's fingers' ends, seeing they grow on the palm.

Query—Does a dumb man always keep his word?

Some lawyers can't sleep. They lie on one side, and turn over, and lie on the other.

Safeguard against Fits.—Deal at a slop-shop.

How to be Happy on the Cheap.—Go without your dinner, and see how happy you will be—when supper-time comes.

A bad hat taken to an evening party frequently comes out as good as new.

A dentist can stop a woman's tooth, but not her jaw.

Economy for Ladies.—If you want a morning wrapper to last for ever, never wear it *out*.

"Things not Generally Known."—Poor people!

Fashionable Intelligence.—A certain Member of Parliament is said to be troubled with M.P.cuniosity.

Lots of young ladies don't know the names of their best friends; some do not even know what their own names may be a year hence.

Curious to say, most horse-owners, when in difficulties, prefer their greys to their duns.

Call a spade, a spade. Yet you may call *stockings* *hoses*.

Soldiers in battle are not allowed to whistle to keep their courage up. That must be left to the bullets.

Statistics.—Of the 1,001 young ladies who fainted last year, 987 fell into the arms of gentlemen, two fell on the floor, and one into a water-butt.

Maxim.—Give a child a bat, and most likely it'll bawl.

It is a bad sign to see a Cockney Communist with his hat off at midnight, explaining the theory and principles of true democracy—to a lamp-post.

Some husbands, though anything but sharp, are awfully shrewed.

A young swell of "Judy's" acquaintance is so dreadfully fastidious, he is even measured for his umbrella.

Some bachelors join the army because they like war; some because they like peace.

Most people are glad to give their opinion. Lawyers, though, usually sell theirs.

Ballet girls and geese are the animals that can stand the longest on one leg.

Most lovers like to be alone—with their sweethearts, of course.

It is a queer woman who asks no questions, but the woman who does is the querist.

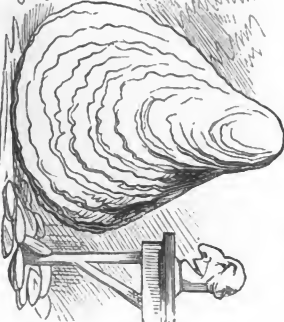
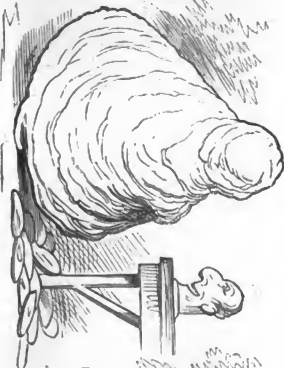
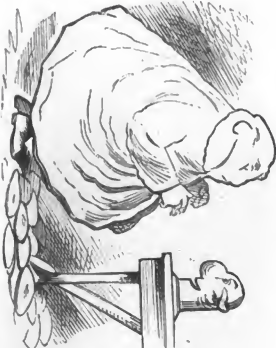
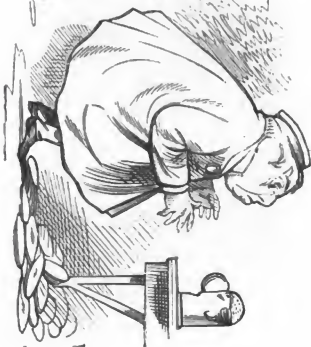
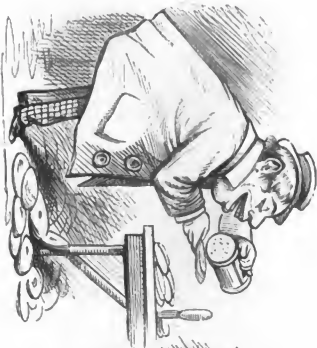
Women do not talk more than men. They're listened to more, that is all.

Young ladies suffering from a *pain* in the side, may relieve it by wearing a *sash*.

Some tailors would make capital dragoons—they charge so.

The Sailor who knew for a fact that there was a man in the moon, had been to sea.

Nut-crackers.—Pugilists.



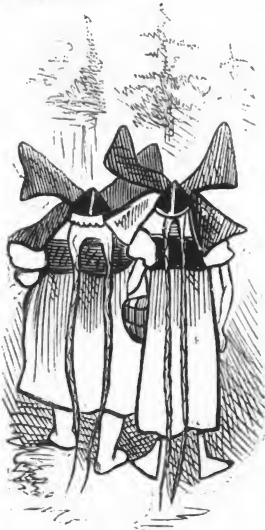
Here is an Awful Thing that happened to a Nasty Greedy Fellow who ate Oysters, at Half-a-crown a Dozen, until he Oysterised himself in this way. Observe the fiendish delight of the Pepper-box.



Small Boy (to proud friend who has recently met with a family misfortune). "Well, you needn't be so precious uppish about it neither, as if nobody else's father couldn't die except youn!"



A delightful next-door neighbour where the walls are thin.



*A couple of Marguerites, sketched in the neighbourhood of Baden-Baden. They call those long tails *Suivex moi, jeune homme*.*



Rather a sharp 'un.

Young Lady. "Will this road take me into the village, my lad?"

Juvenile Bumpkin. "Ees, miss, ter wool, if ye toorn roond, an' goo t'other way."



THE MILK OF HUMAN UNKINDNESS.

Party (in the solitude of his back kitchen). "Watering the milk? Oh no, I'm not a-watering of the milk, my dears, I'm . thawing of it; that's what I'm a-doin'—Walker!"

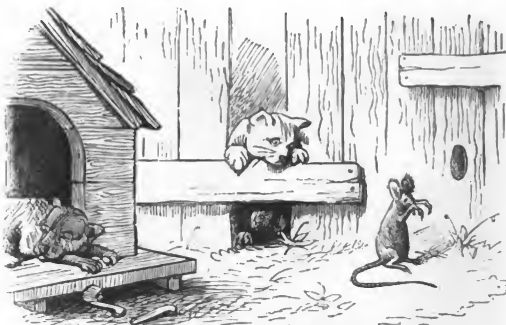
WHAT CHRISTMAS IS GOOD FOR.

BY A BACHELOR UNCLE.

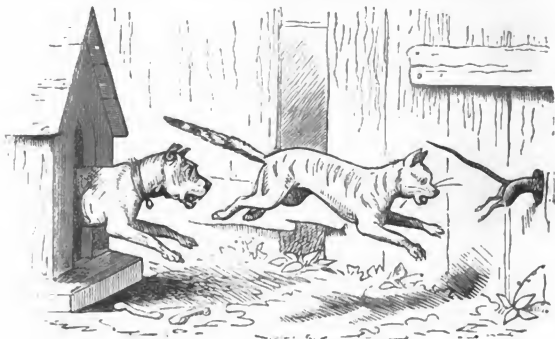
Ah; that's just what I should like to know, but I don't. It's not good for the health; for relations who have been fools enough to marry and have large families always invite you to dine with them then, and they force you to eat indigestible compounds, because it's Christmas. It's not good for the pocket; for all the relations above mentioned expect, they and their confounded brats, to have presents made them. And tradesmen send in their bills and expect payment. And every JACK, TOM, and HARRY—who the rest of the year, though paid to attend upon you, grumble and scowl if asked to do the slightest thing for you—expect Christmas-boxes. It's not good for the temper; for the indigestion and Christmas-boxes combined are enough to try the patience of JOB. Then, if it isn't good for either the health, the temper, or the pocket, what the deuce is Christmas good for? Ah, that's just what I should like to know!

The First Vegetable ever known.—Time.

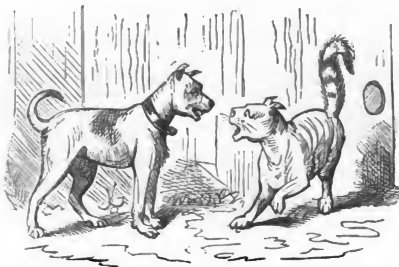
A RAT'S TALE.



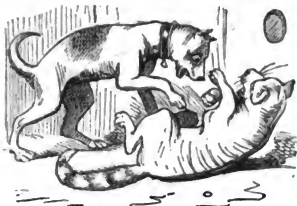
It was Tom who first caught sight of poor Jack, occupied with his little toilet arrangements.



Then that fellow Ponto must interfere in his usual clumsy way, and spoil everything.



So Tom gave him a bit of his mind.



Ponto, of course, began to bully, as he was the bigger of the two.



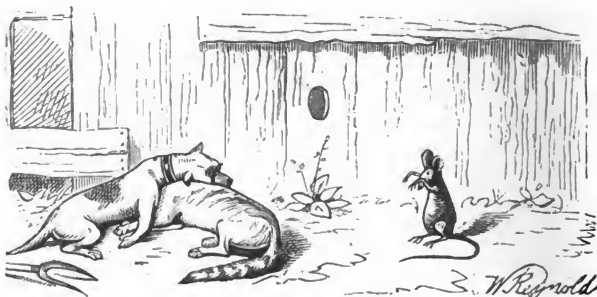
But Tom gave him as good as he brought.



Though which was the conqueror it would be difficult to say. Subsequently, Ponto's proprietor had a word of a sort with the owner of Tom;



And, by-and-bye, when Jack returned to the scene, it was evident there was a misunderstanding somewhere.



And this was the state of affairs at last, when Jack Rat went on with his toilet.

Moral.—Very much so.

KITCHEN STUFF.

A valet objection to dip candles.—They are *non compos*.

JEAMES considers cold mutton only meet for the dust-bin, “especially when it’s made into ‘ashes.’”

The difference between Miss BELINDA’s *protectrice* and SUSAN’s lover—The one is only a *chaperon*, the other her own chap.

The hedge-sparrow’s nest is like the housemaid’s bed, because it’s not the cuckoo (*cook who*) makes it. (JEAMES’S last.)

Why the scullery maid stole the soda.—Because it was owed her.

BETTY says the distinction between soft soap and laudanum is soporific and horrific soap. (She’d Betty not repeat it.)

NANCY LEWELLYN coloured up when she married JEAMES, because she was given to plush; but when first he proposed to her, she said *fie!* for financial reasons.

NEDDY, the stable-boy is inclined to quarrel with his table-beer, because he’s been ailing for some time and would like to get stronger.

My lady’s favourite beverage is said to be the exact image of her ladyship’s coachman, because it’s stout with a head on it.

JENNY can’t guess why a lady’s hoops, which make her look *fat*, should be called *crino-lean*.

DICK, the groom, who is a connoisseur in wines, prefers still hocks when he’s cleaning the horse’s heels.

FIRST IN THE FIELD. (JONES, who never had a wink of sleep throughout the night for the thoughts of his first day's hunting, arrives too early, of course.)
Jones. "Hallo, boy! nobody here yet?"
Crier. "Ecs, oi be, to be sure; hasn't thee got any oies?"





A RACY REPLY.

Minister. "Now, THOMAS, who was the first man?"

Thomas (fresh from a foot-race). "CONKEY BILL'S Novice was fust, sir, but some says it was a dead 'eat."

QUERIES FOR ZADKIEL.

(Suggested on seeing his Almanack for 1873.)

Tell me, ZADKIEL, seer and prophet,
Tell me, ZADKIEL, Tao Zee,
Will that dear girl, LUCY MOFFATT,
Ever be less cruel to me?

Tell me, will my patient tailor
Let me have another suit?
Will my "pony," laid on "Sailor,"
Ever bear the slightest fruit?

Tell me, shall I e'er be wealthy?
Will a latch-key e'er be mine?
Will my aunt continue healthy?
Will her heart towards me incline?

Shall I ever get moustaches?
Will my whiskers ever grow?
Shall I know what lots of cash is?
Will my life be "fast" or "slow"?

Shall I ever pass through marriage?
Shall I have a son and heir?
Shall I ever keep my carriage?
Shall I ever be Lord Mayor?

Tell me, in your next edition,
All these things I want to know,
And it shall be my ambition
You to puff where'er I go!



This touching scene represents the devotion of the good husband waiting up for the wife of his bosom, whom, with the greatest possible difficulty, he has persuaded to seek in society a little relaxation from her arduous household duties. A good deal of this sort of thing goes on, does it not?



AN OBSTINATE PAUPER.

Parish Doctor. "Well, Nurse, how go the patients?"

Nurse. "Oh, pretty well, sir—there's eleven dead!"

P. D. "Eleven! Only eleven? Why, I left medicine for twelve."

Nurse. "Yessir, I know; but one was so refractory he wouldn't take his'n."

A LONE WIDOW UNDERGROUND.

The other day, on the Metropolitan Railway, I sat next to a little, long-nosed man with red whiskers. Opposite to us sat a middle-aged lady in black. The little man stared at her very hard, fidgeted a good deal, and opened a conversation.

"In mourning, ma'am, I see."

"Eh?—Yes." (Spoken rather sharply.)

"Sad thing that. One of the old people, perhaps?"

"No."

"One of the young ones? Baby, eh?"

"I have no babies."

"Of course not. The gov'nor—husband, you know?"

"Yes." (Very sharply.)

"Sorry for that. Sudden, perhaps?"

"No."

"Ah, lingering business; that's worse sometimes. In trade, was he?"

"He was a sailor."

"Caught a fever, perhaps?"

"He was drowned."

After a pause,—*"Save his chest?"*

"My husband's effects were not lost."

"Religious sort of man, was he?"

"Yes, he was."

"Glad of that. Suppose you are glad the chest wasn't lost?"

"I suppose so."

After another pause,—*"Suppose you'll be getting married again soon?"*

The lady made no reply to this, but got out at the next station. The little, long-nosed man looked round, as though in search of another victim. At last he fixed on me.

"Got a hatband on, I see."

"Yes; I put it on because my hat was shabby."

After a brief interval,—*"Would you feel inclined to swap your umbrellar for my walking-stick and five shillings?"*

I felt that the time had come for decisive action. I struck the miscreant dead at my feet, and stepped out upon the platform. I believe he is buried now. I have heard no more of him since.



"THE CYNOSURE OF NEIGHB'RING EYES."

Cook (with conscious blushes). "As to the perliceman and no followers allowed, mum, you might recollect as you've been single yourself; and a girl as is tolerable showy in figger, can't well 'elp 'em coming about."

Sputterings from "Judy's" Pen.

Legal.—When the LORD CHANCELLOR receives the Judges to breakfast, does he regale them on the "Provisions of the Law?"

Tight Pants.—Asthmatical breathings.

Belay there!—An unsentimental friend of ours ridicules us for admiring the song of "The Nightingale," and assures us he much prefers the "lay" of the hen.

"The Queen's Prize."—The nation's love!

A WILLIAM'S Pear (*père*).—WILLIAM'S Papa.

Co-nun-drum.—Are the fair inhabitants of a convent generally so meagre in appearance because they lead a-nun-natural life?

Spoiling his Business.—A shoeblack sweeping a crossing.

Every cookery book ought to be illustrated. What's the good of a dinner without plates?

Turning a Rite into a Wrong.—Misnaming a child at its baptism.

The Last Appeal.—A shoemaker's strike.

What is the difference between a valse and a young widow?—One is a giddy whirl, and the other a widdy girl.

A Seizin' Ticket.—A warrant for arrest.

Why is a railway bridge like a strong rope?—Because it can bear a goods train (good strain).

It is preferable to fall out with your banker, than to lose your balance with him.

The End of all Argument.—You're another!

Some men talk a lot about horses: most women will talk for ever about babies.

Why is a lady fainting like a ship with a man overboard?—Because she ought to be brought to as soon as possible.

"An Order of Discharge."—"Fire!"

Diabolical!—When a young lady expresses a desire to be kissed, what synonym of the "old gentleman" does she say she prefers?—"I like," she says, "my phiz to feel his!" (MEPHISTOPHELES).

The sailor who wanted to know what time it was has gone to sea.

Some Consolation.—The plainest woman alive, if she reaches the age of eighty, will be a pretty old one.

The First Tubular Bridge.—The bridge of the nose.

Who was the first chiropodist mentioned in English history?—WILLIAM the *Corn-curer*.

"Which is the queerest of we two?" "Why, you are the queerist."

Caws and Effect.—A row in a rookery.

Shakspearean Mem.—Though TITANIA bade BOTTOM listen to her, she never asked him to lend her his ears.

When is a book like a hut?—When it's an hovel (a novel).

An artist painted a cannon so naturally, that, when he was finishing the touch-hole, it went off at a very good price.

There was once an old lady who kissed a cow, though lots of young ladies kiss calves.

The drunkard's week is made up of Thirst-days.

Curls of Smoke.—False ringlets.

To the Turf.—Does a dark outsider mean a chimney-sweep on the top of a 'bus?

Where does a horse dine?—At his table.

Can you spell "consent" in three letters?—Y-e-s.

The young widow who was buried in grief, is now alive and doing well. It was only another instance of premature interment.

The press printers like—A press of business.

What has the largest circulation in the world? The "Daily Telegraph"? No. Bank-notes? No. What then? The blood.

The Made of Awl Work.—Boots.

"IT'S AN ILL WIND," ETC. Cockles, having lost his hat from the rudeness of Boreas, repents of having offered a boy a shilling for its recovery. Two omnibuses and three cabs having gone over it, Cockles may now be seen endeavouring to induce the boy to take sixpence AND the hat in full satisfaction of all demands.





TREASURE TROVE.

Harmless Individual. "By thunder! I shouldn't be surprised if they'd come across mine: I'll step in and ask."

THE GIRL THAT WOULDN'T DIE.

Who has not heard of 'TILDA GRIGGS,
The girl that wouldn't die,
But after thirteen stabs and digs,
Got well again and spry?

One night her FREDERICK, whom she loved
"Not wisely, but too well,"
A cruel, jealous tyrant proved,
And stabbed her till she fell!

There came that night, with leaves and twigs,
No robins from the wood;
The cold blast froze MATILDA GRIGGS,
But also stanch'd her blood.

Across the field to crawl she tried,
And then lay down to die;
Two friendly calves lay down beside
Miss GRIGGS, and kept her dry.

The calves' kind offices prevail!
She lived, and soon got round;
To prosecute she's held to bail,
"Herself in forty pound!"

Miss GRIGGS, to save her cruel swain,
Slipped off beyond the sea,
And hoped, when she came back again,
All would forgotten be.

Poor soul! her love was no avail,
They did her FREDERICK try;
And clapped, for forty pounds, in gaol
The girl that wouldn't die!

MORAL.

You who a deadly wrong forgive,
Nor die, who should have died,
May find it is a crime to live,
And go to gaol beside!

TIDDLUMS:

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A LONDON CAT.



1. Tiddlums wakes up.



2. He makes up for wasted time.



3. He is troubled after the manner of the Tiddlum tribe.



4. He flies at the Skye—a hairy-al feat.



5. He is once more troubled.



6. He has no end of a lark with the crockery.

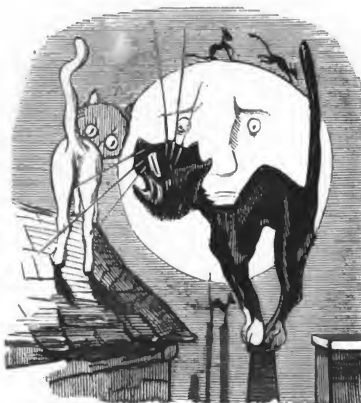


7. He makes up to a famous *cat-erer* for feline provender to several crowned heads, including the Dog(e) of Venice and the Shah (*chat**) of Persia.

* This is French.



8. He grossly misbehaveth,* and gets it warm.



9. He puss-ues his pleasures in the stilly night. N.B.—The same programme will last very well for the next three hundred and sixty-five days.

* Superlative of misbehave: a strong expression.

BETTER LATE THAN EARLY.—If asked to dinner by one of the hippophagists, we must say that we should not much mind arriving “a day too late for the”—fare!

“WHAT’S O’CLOCK?”—Why, a machine to tell the time by, stupid!



THIS IS MYSELF (SOME TIME AGO).

A BALL-ROOM BALLAD.

Yes, once was I given to frisking frivolity,
To the valse-à-trois-temps and its tol-de-rol-ollity;
Once the schottische to me was the azure of bliss—
Ev'ry "square" did I do, not a "round" did I miss.

• • • • •
But, though FLORA's as charming a flirt as you'll find,
(And to *me* she is always most awfully kind)—
... "Talk out this dance? Oh, yes, very gladly.
... Yes, *indeed*, Mr. CRÆSUS, I missed you, *so sadly!*"
E'en *that* now to me's quite a different *chore*,
An arm-chair at the club *now's* my favourite pose.

• • • • •
Now there's BROWN, how I pity him! Simple young man,
He's *invited*, you know, to dance *all he can*,
To trot out the "wall-flowers," lead them to "feed,"
And I call him a fool? Ah, I'm altered, indeed!



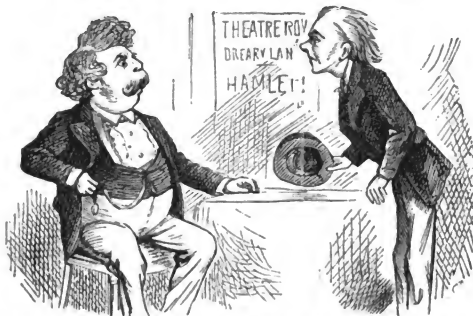
THIS IS BROWN TO-DAY.

*Some
Startling Events
in the*



*Life of
Mr. Shakspeare
Jenkins.*

1. He is advised by his friends to take to the stage.



2. He waits upon a London manager, and states his determination to come out.



3. He "comes out" accordingly.



4. He goes to another manager, and incidentally mentions that he has £50.
An arrangement is immediately effected.



5. But his *début* is not altogether satisfactory.



6. Nor is he more successful in the provinces.



7. His last appearance as an actor.



8. After this, he was for some time under a cloud.



9. His next adventure is a sensation drama.



10. Which proves an immense success.



11. When "Judy" last saw him he was "rolling in money."



THE BEAU AND THE BEGUM: A Romance, by Inference.

CHAPTER I.—Major O'BLARNEY had only his half-pay. Mrs. ROUPÉE, relict of the late Commissioner ROUPÉE, H.E.I.C.S., was wealthy. Said she to the Major one day, "Speaking of ages, Major, what should you think my age is?" "Bedad, my dear madam, I couldn't say," replied the Major; "but ye don't look it, whatever it may be."

CHAPTER XXXV. AND LAST.—Mrs. O'BLARNEY still retains her taste for curries.

THE FIND. Buffums, having "come a cropper," has his anxiety relieved with regard to the safety of his horse. (Price 250 guineas.)



A DOG'S TALE.



There was once upon a time an old lady who had a dog, to which she was greatly attached.



In the day he fed from her plate; likewise slumbered he by night by his mistress's side.



One sad day, however, when she was taking a stroll, a wicked man dropped his evil eye upon the favourite.



And into a bag he popped the same.



In vain the poor dear lady screamed for help.

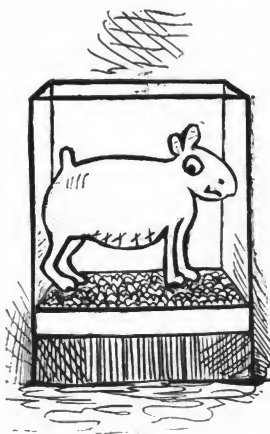


The miscreant carried off his prey, the which he caged and fattened with polonyous intent.



And when he was fat enough, poor Ponto
suffered thus.

And she, alas! arrived only in time to carry
off his skin.



Since then the skin has been stuffed in the most natural manner
possible. What became of the body, who shall say?

The Thoroughly Thrilling and Excruciatingly Exciting History of a Wicked Giant.



LITTLE children, prithee listen to the start-
ling history
Of one whose birth was never known, whose
ending was a mystery;
Whose intermediate days were filled with
divers strange devices,
Which grew and grew, by night and day,
yet never reached a crisis.

His name was CATCH'EM—KILL'EM—
SKIN'EM—EAT'EM—WHEN-YOU'RE-ABLE;
The cards he used for visiting were bigger
than a table.

His nose was like the red, red rose, his eyes
were weak and watery;
His habits were carnivorous, his inclinations
slaughtery.

Yet were his friends and relatives well-con-
nected people,
With pedigrees as long and straight as any
parish steeple:

His wife was sister to an earl (oh, luckless Lady ZOBIA!)
Who, bitten by a mad bluebottle, died of *hydrophobia*.

One day it chanced this giant sat with several other ogres,
Discussing with a woman's zest the last new thing in togas,
And if the blue-coat boy, at lunch, were better boil'd or roasted,
And whether 't were too great a risk to try the next one toasted;



When suddenly there came a knock—'t was not the tax-collector—
They'd eaten him a month ago—nor yet was it his spectre!
'T was not the man for knives to grind! Ye gods and little fishes!
'T was but a dwarf—a wretched dwarf—no bigger than a dish is!

The "little stranger" nodded thrice, each nod was short and surly,
But full enough of meaning deep to rival those of BURLEIGH.
He coughed a cough, he sneezed a sneeze, then in a voice like thunder,
He boldly told that wicked crew his sentiments, as under:—

Quoth he, "In me ye giants see no weak respect of premises,—
My pedigree's in LEMPRIEKE, my classic name is NEMESIS!
Year after year your wicked deeds have heaven and earth offended,
But, by the living JINGO! now your little game is ended."

Then from his mouth came fire and smoke, and suffocating vapours:
They kill'd the cat, they shrivell'd up the "Times" and daily papers;
In pangs of death upon the floor the giants choked and holloed—

Here our reporter died of fright, and no one knows what followed.



JUDY'S STREET DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of strangers to the metropolis, "Judy" has, at enormous expense and trouble, compiled a useful Street Directory of London, showing at a glance the characteristics of some of the principal streets:—

Air Street is noted for its salubrity.

Alpha Road is the chosen residence of Greeks living in London.

Argyll Street is remarkable for the posts which abound in it.

Basinghall Street is deserving of a visit, on account of the famous whitewash manufactory situated therein.

Beak Street, the residence of the London magistrates.

Bell Yard, notorious for its beauties.

Birchin Lane, the ancient quarter allotted to schoolmasters.

Bream's Buildings, a fishy neighbourhood, to be carefully avoided.

Brick Court, the favourite resort of jovial Templars.

Doughty Street, the residence of deeds of that description.

Finch Lane, a favourite haunt of bird fanciers.

Fleet Street, the fastest street in London.

Garlick Hill, noted for its German sausages.

Glasshouse Street, observe the conservatories.

Jamaica Level, Bermondsey, a rum neighbourhood.

Mincing Lane should be visited before Christmas.

Road Lane should be avoided on account of the incivility which may be expected there.

Watling Street, the home of pork pies.

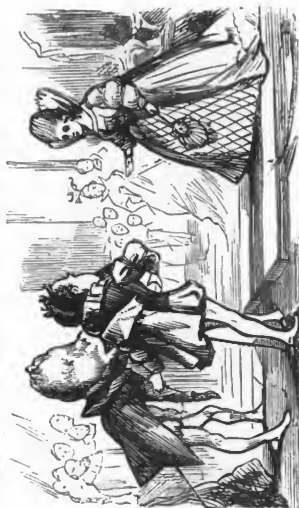
Why is a pretty girl with *les beaux yeux* like a happy thought?—Because she's a bright-eyed dear.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF THE POTATO.



1. The 'tater in a state of natur'.

2. Discovered by a powerful patron,
Sir WALTER (really).



3. Introduced to society.



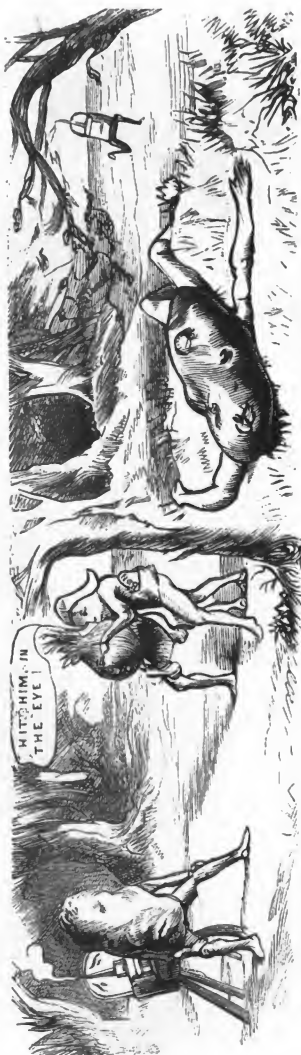
4. Transplanted. Meets an early specimen of the 'tater trap.



5. Evil communications lead to
XX communications.

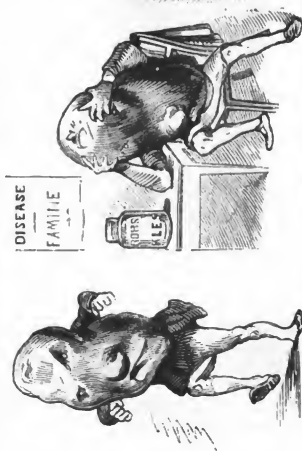


6. Disagrees with his best friends.



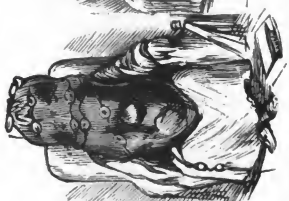
7. A meeting with the haughty onion. The 'later can.

8. Smashed. The 'later can't.



9. The waxy old specimen.

10. The story heart.



11. Worse. Specs on the increase.



12. The doctor shakes his head.



SOME HIRSUTE VARIETIES. 1. The Early Coburg (obsolete).
4. The Hair-pin, or Mephistophelian Order.

2. The Belgravian (Music Hall Version). 3. The Erratic.
6. The Sautcroustian. 7. The Corkscrewian.



A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS. *Julia*. "MINNIE, dear, you look horribly 'sat upon!' What on earth is the matter? I'm sure your dress is perfection." *Minnie*. "Yes, dear, but yellow hair has gone quite out of fashion," and Minnie insists on stopping the supply of autocomous. *Entre nous*, it was with the colour poor CHARLES fell in love, and he always calls me his 'fair one with the golden locks.'

THE LATEST TICHBORNTIA.



Wishes he hadn't meddled with those confounded bonds.



Not sorry he made a bet on it, but precious glad he hedged.



Can't say—aw, weally—aw—pwecious baw, whole affair, aw!



Thinks the man's story must be right. Doesn't believe there could be such a humbug in the world.



Been a claimant ever so many times; never mase much by it, though.



If he had only thought of it in time, would have put in a claim himself.



Wishes, if he does turn out
the right man, he hadn't
turned out to be married.



Don't wish so at all. Rather
glad he hasn't got so weighty a
rival.

THE BACHELOR'S LAMENT.

Domus et placens uxor.—HORACE.

Tell me not that I am lucky,
Or, that it is better so;
Had I only been more plucky,
I had married years ago.
Even now, though young no longer,
And my hair is dash'd with grey,
Every week my *penchant's* stronger,
For that girl across the way!

THOMPSON has a cosy dinner,
With his wife and bairns at seven;
Ah! for me, poor lonely sinner,
That would be a glimpse of heaven;
But old TODGER's stale refectation,
Every day at half-past one,
Has no claim on my affection,
And I'm glad when it is done.

Dainty fingers—*yes*, I know it,
(Bitterest envy racks my soul!)—
Press the "bird's-eye," as they stow it
Deftly in his meerschaum bowl;

Then by those bewitching digits,
Is a match applied, I wis,
While with THOMPSON's hair she fidgets,
Till she gets her wonted kiss!

Oh, how sick I am of mutton!
(THOMPSON's wife makes *such* a stew!)
Half my shirts can't boast a button!
(THOMPSON's look as good as new.)
Mrs. MANGLES prigs my linen,
And the pot-boy drinks my port,
While my stock of gin's beginning,
Somehow, to get very short.

Ah! I see that some one's needed
To look after me and mine,
Or my kit will soon be weeded,
And that boy'll drink all my wine.
Come what will—(I've been a noodle!)—
At her feet my heart I'll lay;
Yes! I'll make her Mrs. BOODLE—
That sweet girl across the way!

A DIFFERENCE.

My brother is shy—I'm not shy at all;
So when there's a mistletoe hung in our hall,
He manages always to miss all the kisses,
While *I*, on the contrary, kiss all the misses!

Sputterings from "Judy's" Pen.

If a retired pork-butcher were to invest his savings in land, in what districts would he most professionally make his purchases?—In the hams of Worcestershire and the chines of the Isle of Wight.

A Fast Man.—Duke Humphrey.

What is the difference between a worn sixpence and "The Flag that braved a Thousand Years," &c. ?—One's a battered tanner, and the other is—Don't you see?

A Black Tie.—A nigger wife.

A gentleman at Liverpool insists that "early training" is going by the 1.15 a.m.

MEMNON's Wife.—AGAMEMNON (Hag o' Memnon).

By a fleeced "Taker of Odds."—The English arms never run away; I wish the English "*legs*" didn't, either!

The Best Sauce for a Gouty Person.—Toe martyr, of course!

Early Pride.—An infantile "scion of a noble house" has recently "*cut* two of his teeth."

Notice of Motion.—The railway whistle!

The ghost of a turkey—When he's a gobblin'!

"From Half-a-Sovereign to a Sovereign.—A birthday present to Her Majesty from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales!

"Let us be collected," as the water-rate said to the income tax.

Short and sweet.—The taste of a lollipop.

University Intelligence.—They are going to "*fish* out" the weeds and other obstructions at present blocking up the Cam. Would not the task be best performed by the Senior *Anglers*?

Importunate.—Boring the earth for water.

Fashions for the Sea-Shore.—Gentlemen visiting the sea-shore this autumn are expected to appear in *sand-bags*!

A Mien Advantage.—A superiority in appearance.

A "Burning Shame."—Arson.

Matrimonial.—Mrs. JENKINS complained very bitterly how badly off she was for clothes. "My dear, your case deserves redress."—"No," says she, "my case deserves a *new* dress." Mr. J. bought her one.

A "*Low* Churchman."—The Bishop of *Down*!

Table-Talk.—Billiard-markers are the first to "set the ball rolling." They make perfect *pyramids* of fortunes; meet with a great deal of *pot-luck*; and, like pork-butchers, make a lot of money by the *cush*; like actors, they take their *cues*; and, like other mortals, cannot do without their *rest*.

A Tight Fit.—Delirium tremens.

Remarkable.—When shares go up, it is very curious that it is generally a case of share and *cher* alike.

Undignified.—Why shouldn't the House of Commons interfere with a poor man's beer?—Because it is itself always passing measures, and is often enough at the bar.

A Stick not always used in walking—A candle-stick.

"Levelling down."—Going to bed.

Law Stationer's Thrift.—"Take care of the pens, and the pounce'll take care of itself."

Interesting to Youthful Barristers.—A maiden brief is not a little girl.

The Lover's Revenge.—Marriage.

Right Again!—There's only *one* BRIGHAM YOUNG, but a shoal of *young* BRIGHAMS!

To "Spec"-ulators.—Sweeps' takes—Soot. Have nothing to do with them, then, if you value clean hands.

The Flower of the Flock—The pattern of a wall-paper.

Come! I say.—Why ought a chemist to be a woman?—Because he's an "ANN ELIZA."

A WARNING. If Perkins had been thinking less of what was coming on behind him, and more of what was going on before him, his hat might have lasted another three months.





NOT TO BE BEATEN.

1st Young Lady (with pride on her brow). "Ah, my Mamma has a carriage!"
2nd Young Lady (with more pride on her brow). "Oh, that's nothing, my Mamma can take her teeth out and put 'em back again!"

PROVERBS CALLED TO ACCOUNT.

"A penny for your thoughts."—An enormous waste of current coin of the realm in the great majority of cases.

"You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."—Who ever thought he could, or would be so foolish as to try? This is like expecting to find flashes of wit in "Coke upon Littleton," or expecting to hear a sensible remark from Mr. WHALLEY, M.P.; both things being very wide of the mark, we imagine.

"A man may love his house, and yet not ride on the ridge."—He'd be a fool if he did, that's all. Who is the author of this proverb, that we may treat him to a Christmas glass of grog to sharpen his wits?

"A penny saved is twice earned."—What great workers misers must be, if this be true!

"A rolling stone gathers no moss."—Suppose it don't, what then? When the moss is gathered, mayn't we say *cui bono*? Besides, anything is better than stagnation.

"Better is a dinner of herbs in peace, than a stalled ox and contention therewith."—Most people would prefer the stalled ox, and put up with the "contention therewith." Habit, we are assured, is second nature.

SOME FASHIONS FOR THE HAIR.

"Judy" has much pleasure in offering these suggestions for the coming season to young ladies of taste. It will be observed that, in all cases, out of a mere nothing some sweetly pretty effects are obtainable.



Allegorical design representing Professor BUMPS in the act of demonstrating what a small connection there is between the human skull and the inhuman chignon.



AU BILLET-DOUX.

Dreadfully aggravating if the address is worn downwards. Pretty idea of the penny stamp as an earring.



A LA KNIFE AND FORK.

Prettiest if worn when clean. Salt-cellar of bright tin as ear-rings.



A LA PALETTE.—For an artist. Paint, "Judy" rather fancies, would look prettier worn thus than in the ordinary way.



AU VIEUX CHEVRAU.—A pretty notion to be worn, say, on the day before the Oaks. The wearer's size might be affixed in good legible figures.



A LA SAISON.—Suitable to any age, from *seize ans* upwards. Anything, from the leaf of a vine to that of a cabbage.



A LA BUNCH O' GRAPES.—Splendid idea for utilizing the produce of amateur vineyards. Toy scales as earrings.



A LA JOLLY (we mean *jolie*) ANGLER.—Simplicity itself. A three-farthing bloat, sprinkled with Eau de Cologne.



LA REINE CAROTTE.—A vegetable fancy of much delicacy. Would suit a brunette.



A LA PIPE.—Ought to win the hearts of all inveterate smokers. The earrings are fusee-boxes, of course.



A LA CARTE.—In this case avoid hearts; the notion is common-place and stale. The suggestion of diamonds would not be thrown away on any well-regulated mind.

ZODIACAL NOTES.

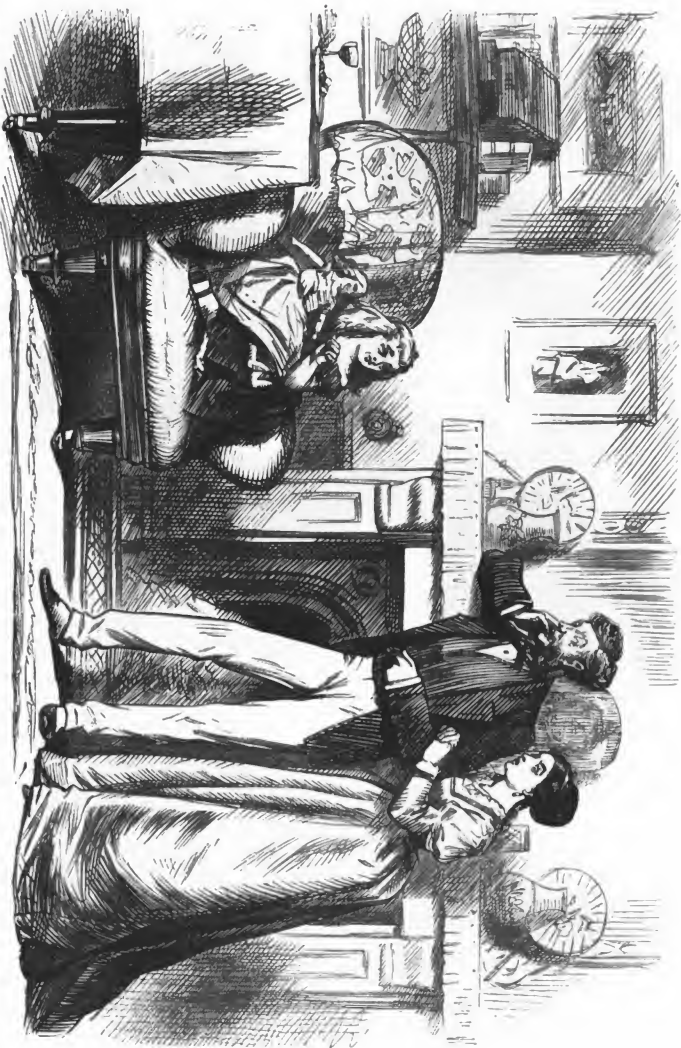
When Libra (the Balance) enters your banker's book on the right side, you may expect sunny weather.

When Aries (the Ram) enters your house, look out for plenty of butter!

When Taurus (the Bull) enters into your conversation, you may expect an explosion of laughter.

When Gemini (the Twins) enter your family, look out for squalls!

When Cancer (the Crab) enters your stomach late at night, expect a fit of indigestion.



A Little Pibble. *Augustus*. "Whatever are you doing to Dolly?"

Enfant Terrible. "Why, making her the fashion, with walnut-juice, like Aunt ANNIE does to her face." [Aunt ANNIE has frequently told AUGUSTUS that she "wonders how people can do such horrid things."



WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

(SCENE—Country Inn.)

Traveller (mistrustfully). "Have you got any decent port, waiter?"

Waiter. "Oh, dear me, yes sir. Some very excellent port wined."

Traveller. "I suppose you don't make less than a bottle?"

Waiter. "Lor' bless you, no sir. Master never makes less than four or five gallon."

HOW IS IT?

How is it—That when I tell a person I am exceedingly obliged to him, he should immediately exclaim, "No, no, not at all?"

How is it—That my aristocratic cousin invariably sees something so attractive in an opposite direction, when we meet in places of public fashionable resort?

How is it—That all the tall splendid fellows you ever knew were sure to get what BYRON hated—dumpy women?

How is it—That all the chatty, cheerful, pretty girls you ever knew were sure to marry the ugliest fellows or the greatest muffs of their acquaintance?

How is it—That the Turks express such an abhorrence of wine, seeing at the same time that they publicly approve of their *Perte*?

How is it—That I can never cough, or blow my nose, or yawn in church, without half a dozen following my example?



A THRILLING SITUATION. *Enraged Inhabitant.* "Did any one see you enter?" *Tax Collector (taken by surprise).* "Not that I know of!"
Enraged Inhabitant. "Then no one shall see you leave!"

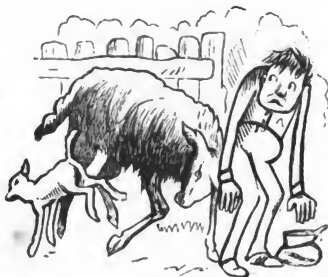
HALF AN HOUR IN THE LIFE OF THAT

BAD BOY BILLY

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.



His mamma had every confidence in him.



She knew he would not get over the wall and plague the poor lambs;



Or pull feathers out of a cock's tail;





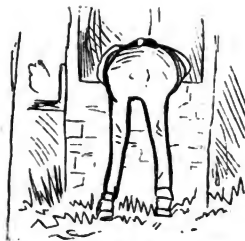
Or ill-use the pig;



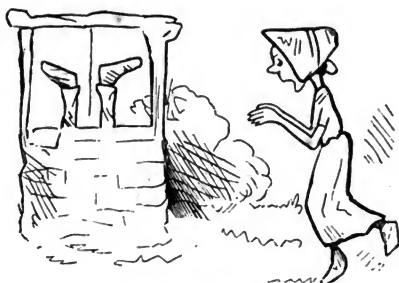
Or annoy its mother;



Or play tricks with the cat;



Or go near the well;



Or get into any mischief whatever.



Only if he did none of these things, how was it he caught cold, and had to be put to bed till his clothes dried?

Queries for the Girl I Love.

Tell me, tell me, charming maiden,
Ere I pledge my love to you,—
Are the charms with which you're laden
Really yours? Oh, tell me true!

Is that very classic "chignon"
Made, dear, of your own back hair?
Is that *bottine, si très-mignonne*,
Very painful, now, to wear?

Would that skin, of pearly whiteness,
Leave white marks upon my coat?
And that waist, of fairy slightness,
Does it lacing tight denote?

Is that curl, so amply flowing,
Hair pinned on, dear, by your maid?
For those lips, so pink and glowing,
Is some Madame RACHEL paid?

Would your eyebrows lack their lustre,
Were they pencilled not by art?
Would your "roses," dear, pass muster,
When you first from slumber start?

Is your soft *contour*, so charming,
Naught but padding after all?
If my queries aren't alarming,
Answer them ere next I call!

PERFECTLY DREADFUL. *Florence.* "Oh! kiss. Do kiss!" (N.B.)—Aunt FANNY is upset for a week, and asks everybody to imagine "what her feelings must have been."



Sputterings from "Judy's" Pen.

If the tramways continue and increase, we shall hear no more of the rose of **England**: people will talk of us as the car-nation.

MR. HENPECK complains that his better half gives him no quarter.

There is a skeleton in many women's dresses.

To a Correspondent.—Postmasters-General are generally buried in a post-crypt.

The tone a ghost usually speaks in is a tomb's-tone.

Common Scents—Musk and verbenä.

What is better than presence of mind in a railway accident?—Why, to be altogether absent.

Hired Bravos.—The author's friends on the first night.

The Worst Pickles Out.—Spoilt children.

"Judy" asked her doctor if he believed in vaccination? "**JENNER** *sais pas*," said he.

The Best Sea-weed.—A nice cigar in one's yacht.

Food for the Imaginative.—Fancy bread.

What colour was the last squall at sea?—Why, the storm rose, and the wind blue.

Good Round Game.—Good plump partridges.

The Coming Man.—A waiter.

Shocking Brutality.—All over the country the clocks are constantly striking the hours; and, what is worse, the public cry out if they stop.

Paying off a Back Score.—Flogging a garrotter.

The British Public.—A gin-palace.

Herbal medicines are all very well, but pretty women often find thyme very injurious.

A Lady's Imprecation.—Lace me tight.

A "Nine Hours' Movement."—From London to Edinburgh by express.

Figuratively Speaking.—Using the dumb language.

Of course you have seen a rope-walk, but did you ever see a magic lantern *slide*?

It is unfair to speak of any new invention for painless surgical operations as good news for railway travellers.

When is a clock like a builder?—When it strikes.

Those who visit the 'aunts of dissipation often wind up at their uncle's.

Humiliating for Humanity.—The greatest man finds a *match* in a little bit of wood tipped with brimstone.

It is easier for a man to be engaged than to be engaging.

Apropos of the Fly from the Station.—None but the brave dispute the fare.

A Rocky Gorge.—A big feed on a boat in rough weather.

Many people have something wrong with their hearts, and no wonder—how can your heart be right if it's left?

Do girls who tat in a railway-carriage do it on a loop line?

Query.—Is the sea-board made of beech?

Why is the soil in the neighbourhood of Clapham of an inferior nature?—Because you find "common" ground there.

The poor man who tried to "carry the day," has been weakly ever since.

A Cheerful Regiment.—The Huzzas.

Why is a young widow like a musical performance?—Because she's a mourning consort.

Can a railway map be called a line engraving?

A Waist of Time.—A stout old lady's.

Why is a man who kicks out right and left like an ancient robber?—Because he's a freebooter.

The Lap of "Luxury."—Strawberries and cream.

It only takes four letters to make love. They should be returned, though, when it is over.

STUDIO PERSUASION. Our friend Jack McGarry to excited partner, who has just the head for his picture of "A Husband's Revenge:" "So she won't stand any longer, won't she? Of course she won't. *I'll get a model.*" [The effect is magical.]





The Schoolmaster all Abroad.

Master. "Now, WIGGLES, I hope you're perfect in your lesson."

Wiggles. "Yes, sir, I ham."

Master. "Dear, dear me! How often have I told you, WIGGLES, that there are some words in which the 'H' is not sounded?"

CAUTIONS FOR SKATERS.

Be prepared, on arriving at the scene of action, for discovering that by an unlucky accident you have forgotten your gimlets. N.B.—Coupled with this circumstance it will be usually found that your skate has an abnormally small screw, rendering all other gimlets on the spot useless.

Be also prepared for such trifling casualties as the breaking of a strap, the coming-out of a screw, or even the coming-off of the heel of your boot.

Nerve yourself with Spartan resolution to bear the torture which the putting on of skates implies; sometimes, under the hand of an energetic coster, the screw of the gimlet goes too far.

Take care to start off boldly. Irresolution in starting is fatal, and leads to those sudden falls and inelegant sitting positions, accompanied by those painful jerks, which are the skater's bane.

Prepare your landlady for seeing you brought home on a shutter, and have a fire ordered in your bed-room.

A DELICATE HINT. *Sporting Character (persuasively).* "Could yer kindly assist a poor man with a copper? I'm that knocked up, I can 'ardly hold this 'ere dawg off yer legs."





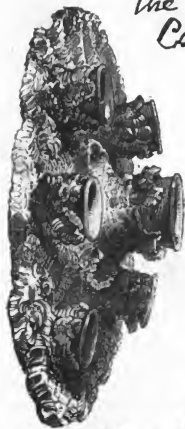
The Blessing of having a Brother.

Miss Finks's particular Young Man. "Why, Miss JINKS, you seem to have no appetite."
Master Finks (with more truth than poetry). "Oh, ain't she though! You should have seen her this morning over the cold goose!"



Virgin Cork sold by
the *London & Lisbon Cork-wood*
Co (limited) 28 Upper Thames St
London

SOLD IN BALES ONLY.



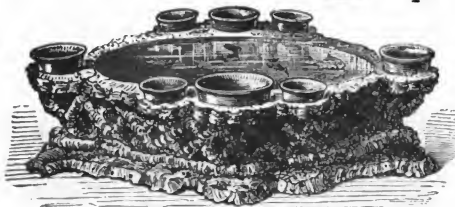
Virgin Cork as taken from
the Tree.



Designs for Virgin Cork Decoration.

16s

per Cwt.



Design for Virgin Cork Decoration.

A "Grotto" with Ferns, a "Swiss Scene," and Picture Frames can be seen in the South Transept of the Crystal Palace, adjoining the "Industrial Court."

From the Villa Gardener.—"For Balconies, where lightness of material is always a desideratum, this Cork is invaluable."

From the Floral World and Garden Guide.—"It is sold by the Company at a remarkably cheap rate, and is unsurpassed for forming an inside lining to summer-houses and grottoes, indeed, for this purpose it is impossible to say too much in its praise."

From the Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine.—"It is a delightful substitute for the old tree-roots and logs of wood ordinarily used in making a fernery."

SOLD IN BALES ONLY.

1 Cwt. ...	16s. 0d.
1/2 " ...	8s. 0d.
1/4 " ...	4s. 0d.
Selected Bales	16s. 0d.
Bales of Selected Pieces ...	23s.

Delivered at the Company's Warehouse, London

Terms—Cash on Delivery at the London Warehouse.

Used for
FERNERIES,
ROCK WORK,
ARBOURS,
WINDOW BASKETS,
FLOWER STANDS,
and to
COVER OLD WALLS
GROTTOES,
BRACKETS,
CASCADES,
EDGING for GARDEN
BEDS,
AND BY
PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Orders by post, with Remittance, will be punctually executed, and forwarded by any Railway, as directed.

Post Office Orders may be made payable to Mr. A. H. OLDFIELD.

WEST OF ENGLAND AGENCY—45 BROAD QUAY, BRISTOL.

RUPTURES.—BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.
WHITE'S MOC-MAIN LEVER TRUSS,

Perfected and Exhibited in the Great Exhibitions of 1851 and 1882,



Is allowed by upwards of 500 Medical Men to be the most effective invention in the Curative Treatment of HERNIA. The use of a steel spring, so often hurtful in its effects, is here avoided, a soft bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the MOC-MAIN PAD AND PATENT LEVER, fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive Circular may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body (two inches below the hips) being sent to the Manufacturer,

JOHN WHITE, 228 PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Price of a Single Truss, 16s., 21s., 26s. 6d., and 31s. 6d. Postage free.

" Double Truss, 31s. 6d., 42s., and 52s. 6d. Postage free.

" Umbilical Truss, 42s. and 52s. 6d. Postage free.

Post Office Orders to be made payable to JOHN WHITE, Post Office, Piccadilly.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE-CAPS, &c.

Prices: 4s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 10s., and 16s. each. Postage free.

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WHOLESALE & EXPORT PERFUMERS,

By Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen, H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, &c.

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JOHN GOSNELL & CO.'S "CHERRY TOOTH PASTE"

Greatly excels all other preparations for the Teeth.

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Celebrated for its purity.

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Restores Grey Hair to its pristine hue, no matter at what Age.

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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—AIDS TO HEALTH.—So many disturbing causes are at work to undermine the health that it behoves every one occasionally to regulate his system. Professor Holloway has placed this power within the reach of all; his Balsamic Pills are equal to any emergency. Come the evil from whence it may—from food, atmosphere, or irregularity of life—it is gently met and forcibly expelled by these perfect purifiers. Holloways Pills have effected the most remarkable recoveries in cases of wasting weakness, nervous decline, and similar dangers of debility. Those persons must surely place a low value on health and life, who allow sickness to assault their constitutions, when a trifle expended on these Pills would banish it.

CORN & BUNION

PLASTERS,

Are the best ever invented for giving immediate ease and removing those painful excruciations

PRICE

6d. & 1s.

PER BOX.

Observe the Trade Mark.



YOUNG'S ARNICATED

May be had of most Chemists.

WITHOUT WHICH
 NONE ARE GENUINE.

BE SURE & ASK FOR YOUNG'S

**GIVES RELIEF!
 FORMS A STOPPING.
 SAVES THE TOOTH.**
Sold by all Chemists, 1s. 11d.

BUNTER'S NERVE

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**DESTROY THE NERVE.
 PREVENTS DECAY.
 DOES NOT INJURE.**
Sold by all Chemists, 1s. 11d.

Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne.

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.

A DVICE TO INVALIDS.—If you wish to obtain quiet refreshing sleep, free from headache, relief from pain and anguish, to calm and assuage the weary aching of protracted disease, invigorate the nervous media, and regulate the circulating systems of the body, you will provide yourself with that marvellous remedy discovered by Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE, Member of the College of Physicians, London, to which he gave the name of

CHLORODYNE,

And which is admitted by the Profession to be the most wonderful and valuable remedy ever discovered.

Chlorodyne acts like a charm in **Diarrhoea**, and is the only specific in **CHOLERA** and **DYSENTERY**.

Chlorodyne is the best remedy known for **COUGHS, CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, NEURALGIA.**

Chlorodyne effectually cuts short all attacks of **EPILEPSY, HYSTERIA, PALPITATION, and SPASMS.**

. Earl **RUSSELL** communicated to the College of Physicians that he had received a despatch from her Majesty's Consul at Manilla, to the effect that Cholera had been raging fearfully, and that the **ONLY** remedy of any service was **CHLORODYNE**.—See *Lancet*, Dec. 31, 1864.

CAUTION.—Vice-Chancellor Sir **W. PAGE WOOD** stated that Dr. **J. COLLIS BROWNE** was, undoubtedly, the inventor of **CHLORODYNE**; that the story of the defendant **FREEMAN** was deliberately untrue, which, he regretted to say, had been sworn to.—See *Times*, 13th July, 1864.

Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each. None is genuine without the words "**Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE**" on the Government Stamp. Overwhelming Medical Testimony accompanies each bottle.

CAUTION.—Beware of Piracy and Imitations.

Sole Manufacturer—**J. T. DAVENPORT, 33 Gt. Russell St., Bloomsbury, London.**

VOSE'S PATENT HYDROPULT,

A PORTABLE FIRE ANNIHILATOR.

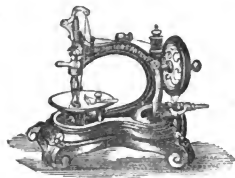
The best article ever invented for Watering Gardens, &c. Weighs but 8 lbs., and will throw water 50 feet.

LOYSEL'S PATENT HYDROSTATIC TEA AND COFFEE PERCOLATORS.

These Urns are elegant in form, are the most efficient ones yet introduced, and effect a saving of 50 per cent. The "*Times*" newspaper remarks: "'M. Loysel's Hydrostatic Machine for making Tea or Coffee is justly considered as one of the most complete inventions of its kind.'" **MAY BE SEEN AT 119 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON.**

Manufacturers—**GRIFFITHS & BROWETT, Birmingham; 12 Moorgate Street, London; and 25 Boulevard Magenta, Paris.**

Notice of Removal from Holborn Viaduct.



TAYLOR'S PATENT LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES

Are designed especially for Family use,
and for that purpose are unequalled.

97 CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, and Driffield, Yorkshire.

HAIR DESTROYER.—248 HIGH HOLBORN, London.—ALEX. ROSS'S DEPILATORY removes superfluous hair from the face, neck, and arms, without effect to the skin. Price 3s. 6d.; sent for 54 stamps. Had of all Chemists.

GREY HAIR.—248 HIGH HOLBORN, London.—ALEX. ROSS'S HAIR DYE produces a perfect light or dark colour immediately it is used. It is permanent, and perfectly natural in effect. Price 3s. 6d.; sent free for P.O. Order. Can be had in the Colonies by pattern post.

SPANISH FLY IS THE ACTING Ingredient in ALEX. ROSS'S CANTHARIDES OIL, which speedily produces whiskers and thickens hair, 3s. 6d.; sent by post for P.O. Order, 4s. Advice verbally or written, fee 5s. Letters by return.—A. ROSS, 248 High Holborn, London.

ALEX. ROSS'S GREAT HAIR RESTORER. Has no sediment. Restores grey hair in a few days. Produces a beautiful gloss, without containing oil. Cleanses the head and hair. Promotes the hair's growth, and is by far the best Restorer extant. In large bottles, 3s. 6d. Can be had through all Chemists, or of the maker, ALEX. ROSS, 248 High Holborn, London. Sent for stamps.

NOSE MACHINE.—THIS IS A Contrivance by which the soft cartilage of the nose is pressed into shape by wearing the instrument an hour daily for a short time. Price 2os. 6d., sent free for stamps. A pamphlet, "Nose and its Remedy," two stamps.

ALEX. ROSS,
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6^d. 1/- & 2/- Bottles

CHEAPEST & BEST SAUCE IN THE WORLD

Relish.



SOLD EVERYWHERE !!

HAS A LARGER SALE THAN ANY OTHER SAUCE.

PROPRIETORS, GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & CO., LEEDS.

Extract from "FOOD, WATER, AND AIR," December, 1871. (By Arthur Hill Hassall, M.D.)
 "THE YORKSHIRE RELISH.—This Sauce well deserves the name of 'Relish.' There are few better Sauces, while its cheapness, having regard to its excellence, is remarkable."

Goodall's Quinine Wine.

(Prepared with Howard's Quinine.)
 Highly recommended by many eminent Physicians, to be the best and cheapest Tonic yet introduced to the Public, and has proved an invaluable and agreeable Stomachic to all suffering from General Debility, Indigestion, and Loss of Appetite. IN LARGE BOTTLES AT TWO SHILLINGS EACH. Sold by Grocers, Druggists, and Italian Warehousemen.

PREPARED BY GOODALL, BACKHOUSE, & CO., LEEDS.

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